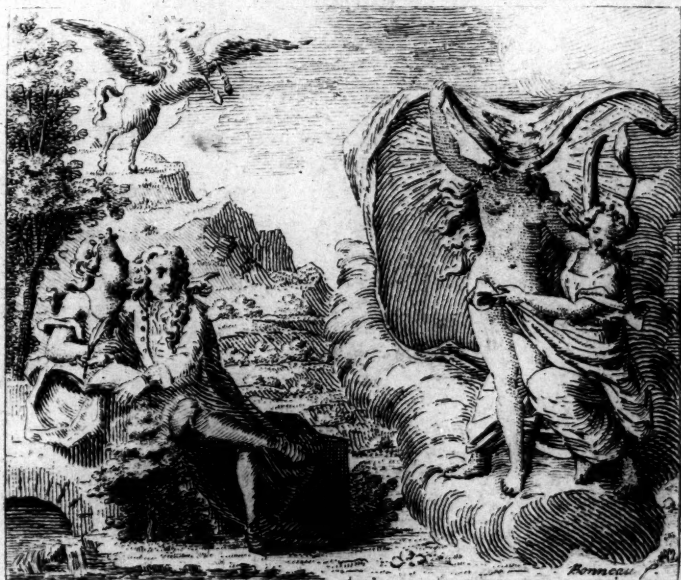


THE
Muse in Masquerade :
Or, A COLLECTION of
RIDDLES,
SERIOUS and COMIC.

~~With a Compleat KEY to the Whole.~~



*Explains: A Muse Showing the Post the Figure of Truth
Void, Supported by another of Morality.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. NOBLE, at Dryden's Head, in
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Gr. A. Collection



L O N D O N

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T O T H E

R E A D E R.

I*F any Thing may claim Esteem for being ancient, Enigma's are sure of Approbation; since we find from the earliest Account of Things, they were in Use even amongst Great and Learned Men. The Ancient Magi were wont to make them their principal Study. Princes and Philosophers, as we are told by Josephus, Herodotus, Plutarch, &c. introduc'd them in the midst of their Games and Feasts. Oedipus, King of the Thebans, solv'd one that was propounded to him by the Sphynx, by which he sav'd that People from a deadly Calamity. The Egyptian Hieroglyphics were a Kind of Enigmas: The Oracles of the Sybils were often such. And the Fables of the renown'd Æsop,*

iv To the READER.

what were they but so many Enigmatic Questions? And even in the Sacred Writings we read of Sampson's propounding one to the Philistines, and of the Queen of Sheba, several to King Solomon. And indeed all Ages have esteem'd these innocent Deceits; admiring the Art of the Writer who could, as it were, put a Veil before the Sun, and at the same Time pleasing themselves at their own Wit and Dexterity in bringing to Light, that, which seem'd almost buried in Darknes.

WE would not be thought such Advocates for Enigma as to approve of all that pass under that Denomination, for 'tis certain there are many that can by no Means be approv'd of. Plato, and many others of the Ancients, have given us some of the mixt, or complex Kind, upon Subjects so dark and obscure, as to require more than an Oedipus to solve them. And Numbers of the present Age are justly blameable upon many Accounts.

*THE Subject of an Enigma ought always to be chosen from Things that are
common*

TO the READER.

V

common and well known; it is the Enigma should be obscure, and not the Subject; for there is no need to make that obscure that is already so. It ought likewise to be wrote in the most familiar Words; Terms of Art, or Words that are obsolete, ought never to be admitted.

A strict Regard should likewise be had to Truth, for if any Falshood is asserted, it is impossible to come at the Solution.

THE Passions, (as Love, Hatred, Joy, Sorrow, &c.) ought never to be attributed to Things that are inanimate, for whenever they are, the Reader's Attention is confin'd altogether on Things that have an animate Existence; and besides is the highest Absurdity. The same Care should be taken in applying the Senses to such Things only as they are known to belong to.

AS the Publishers of the following RIDDLES intend to pursue this Undertaking farther than the present Collection; it is their earnest Request to all such as have

have Originals by them, to communicate them to the Bookseller for whom this is printed, and Care shall be taken to insert them in the following Part, with the Names (if desir'd) of the Authors prefix'd. And here we should be wanting to ourselves if we neglected to return our sincere Thanks to those who have favour'd us with their generous Assistance in this our first Essay, enabling us to make this Collection more valuable, than otherwise we could possibly have done.

The PUBLISHERS.



ERRATA. Page 18. l. 19. for *Iris*, read *Irus* ;
 p. 59. l. 14. for *are*, r. *have* ; p. 79. l. 20. for
Parrhasius, r. *Parrhasius*.

A KEY to the RIDDLES.

Riddle

- 1 **A** Riddle
- 2 A Pen
- 3 Country Dancing
- 4 Ink
- 5 A Fire-ship
- 6 Snow
- 7 Fire
- 8 A Pair of Gloves
- 9 A Shoe
- 0 A Chamber-Pot
- 11 A Wind-mill
- 12 Silence
- 13 Nothing
- 14 A Pen
- 15 Night
- 16 A Needle
- 17 A Flea
- 18 Quicksilver
- 19 A Watch
- 20 The Gout
- 21 A Swallow
- 22 A Bee-Hive
- 23 The Magnetick Needle
- 24 An Egg
- 25 A Linnen Wheel
- 26 Books

Riddle

- 27 A Shuttle-Cock
- 28 Smoak
- 29 Horns
- 30 The Backside
- 31 A Tobacco-Pipe
- 32 Ignorance
- 33 A Corn-Mill
- 34 A Sheet of Pins
- 35 Silence
- 36 Spectacles
- 37 A Drum
- 38 A Stranger or Messenger in a Candle
- 39 Wool
- 40 A Jack at Bowls
- 41 A Pincushion
- 42 A Pair of Stays
- 43 Thought
- 44 A Mouse-Trap
- 45 A Horse's Bridle
- 46 The Heart
- 47 Pride
- 48 A Candle
- 49 Ambition
- 50 Fortune
- 51 Shadow

- | | | | |
|----|--------------------------------|-----|---|
| 52 | Gold | 89 | An Oyster |
| 53 | A Bed | 90 | The Figure 9 |
| 54 | A Clock | 91 | Death |
| 55 | A Cork-Screw | 92 | The First of April |
| 56 | Innocence | 93 | Patience |
| 57 | Sleep | 94 | A Pen |
| 58 | Eccho | 95 | A Nail |
| 59 | A Bladder | 96 | A Serpent |
| 60 | A Wind-mill | 97 | Paper |
| 61 | Wisdom | 98 | A Rod |
| 62 | A Privy | 99 | A Seal |
| 63 | A Looking-Glass | 100 | A Fart |
| 64 | A Walking-Stick | 101 | A Looking-Glass |
| 65 | A Louse | 102 | Darkness |
| 66 | A Dream | 103 | A Tea Pot |
| 67 | A Pair of Snuffers | 104 | Paper |
| 68 | Jealousy | 105 | Tobacco |
| 69 | A Weaver's Shuttle | 106 | A Rowling-Pin |
| 70 | Wind | 107 | Hope |
| 71 | Love | 108 | A Pen |
| 72 | Ice | 109 | A Bell |
| 73 | Shadow | 110 | A Parrot |
| 74 | A T—d | 111 | Eccho |
| 75 | A Pen | 112 | Ambition |
| 76 | Conscience | 113 | Pins |
| 77 | A Pudding in a
Hare's Belly | 114 | Reputation |
| 78 | Silver | 115 | Hexameter Verse con-
sisting of Six Feet,
or Syllables. |
| 79 | Custom | 116 | A Beard |
| 80 | A Picture | 117 | An Enigma |
| 81 | The Word No | 118 | Health |
| 82 | An Almanack | 119 | Sleep |
| 83 | A Bell | 120 | Sound |
| 84 | Time | 121 | A Pair of Dice |
| 85 | Jealousy | 122 | The Soul |
| 86 | A Looking-Glass | 123 | Frozen Milk |
| 87 | A Comb | 124 | A Bottle |
| 88 | Marriage | | |



A
COLLECTION
OF
RIDDLES.

RIDDLE I.



S Pallas was the Offspring of *Jove's*
Head,

So I from learn'd ingenious Brains
am bred :

And to act suitable to my Descent,
In Studies deep my sprightly Thoughts are spent.
In Problems hard, dark, and obscure I deal,
Which, but from prying Eyes, themselves conceal.

B

From

From East to West, from Pole to Pole I roam,
 In search of hidden Truths, then come
 Furnish'd with useful Observations home. }
 Ideas infinite to my Fancy crowd;
 But none but proper, have a Place allow'd.
 Thus do I rifle all the Stores of Nature,
 And fetch in rich Supplies from ev'ry Creature.
 Then I, with Art, the scatter'd Parts digest,
 And in quaint Style and mystic Numbers dress'd,
 I publish 'em, that others may take pains
 As well as I, and rack their lab'ring Brains.
 For what I've studied so, I never mean
 That others shou'd more easily obtain.
 But he whose penetrating Genius can
 Conceive me, thinks himself a happy Man.
 Indeed when I've to do with some less wise,
 (Pleas'd still to *Nonplus*, Puzzle and Surprise) }
 I deal in Quibbles, Punns and trifling Subtilties.
 Thus do I speak as I Occasion see,
 And suit myself to each Capacity.

RIDDLE II.

I AM an Implement that's common,
 Much occupy'd by Man and Woman;
 Not very thick, nor very long,
 Yet tolerable stiff and strong:
 If Inches twelve may give content,
 That Measure's much about my Stint,

E'en

of RIDDLES.

3

E'en tho' the Knack of Circumcision,
 Hath somewhat alter'd my Condition.
 Sometimes I'm only us'd for Pleasure;
 And then I'm jaded out of Measure;
 If a young vig'rous Bard employs me,
 Egad e'en to the Stumps he tries me:
 A Parson to get one in ten,
 In private plies me now and then;
 The Lawyer and the Doctor too,
 For Fees will wear me black and blue;
 For Length of Time I've don't, and still
 Bring store of Grist to either's Mill.
 I have a dribbling at the Nose,
 Which leaves a Stain where'er it goes,
 And yet the fairest Nymph will use me,
 The Queen herself did not refuse me;
 Or some did foully her bespatter,
 Or none approv'd my doings better.
 I'm us'd by Numbers of all Arts,
 Who wou'd be reckon'd Men of Parts;
 And none esteems a Lady polish'd,
 Who has not often me demolish'd;
 And let me tell you, by the by,
 A Minute's Labour drains me dry:
 I'm now exhausted so have done;
 Now who, or what I am make known.



RIDDLE III.

IN shaping me both Sexes join,
 Who must in fit Embraces twine,
 And grow with mutual Motions warm,
 Ere they compleat my mystic Form;
 I please (tho' from the Country sprung)
 The City and the Courtly Throng;
 I oft promote the balmy Kifs,
 And Music heightens much the Bliss.
 By me engag'd you ne'er can dose,
 Yet I procure the soft Repose,
 And (which increases more your Mirth,)
 Both Sexes labour at my Birth.

RIDDLE IV.

I'M blacker than a Winter's Night,
 Yet bring innum'rous Deeds to light;
 The Negro's is a fairer Hue,
 Yet *Celia* loves my Face to view,
 And from its Lines collects her Fortune;
 Not Coffee-grounds are half so certain,
 'Tis I that secretly reveal,
 The Pains which anxious Lovers feel,
 And surer than the Doctors cure
 The Ills which pining Maids endure.

I'm

I'm read in *Latin, Hebrew, Greek,*
 And in most Tongues which Mortals speak.
 I undertake all Kinds of Verse,
 Tragick or Comick Themes rehearse,
 I rise to Epic, sink to Farces,
 Like *Homer* write, or *Cibber's* Verses.
 A greater Trav'ler ne'er was known,
 I visit ev'ry learned Town,
 For carrying News all over *Europe,*
 Who wou'd exceed me has but poor Hope;
 Or good, or bad, the same to me,
 I tell it all, yet nothing see:
 The Mole's not half so blind as I am,
 Yet all from *London* e'en to *Siam,*
 To me apply when seeking Knowledge;
 I learning teach in ev'ry College.
 To set down all I do, or may do,
 Were endless, so, for this Time, Adieu.

RIDDLE V.

THEY who first form'd me, were within
 my Womb:
 In Fight I'm vanquish'd when I overcome.
 The Mistresses I court are very shy,
 And *Parthian* like, wou'd kill me as they fly.
 Yet ne'er was Swain so constant as I am
 No Breast e'er harbour'd so unfeign'd a Flame;

For th' End of my Pursuit, and my Desire
 Is, clasp'd in their Embraces to expire;
 And then Life from me does in Transports fly;
 For I ne'er truly live, but when I die.

RIDDLE VI.

FROM the Retirements of the Dead,
 To Regions where no Mortals tread
 I mount: Then borne, I first on high,
 Become the Object of the Eye.
 To those, who see me from below,
 I'm habited in sable Show;
 But when descended from my Height,
 My Robes are of the purest White,
 Whilst I am hastening to my Fate,
 Unfollied yet my Virgin State,
 No Down of Swan was e'er so light,
 So soft, so beautiful and bright.
 An emblematick Innocence;
 A cold, but yet a sure, Defence.
 Great Nature's Nurse I mask, and place
 Protection o'er her rev'rend Face:
 But for this tender Action, I
 Unpitied, unregarded die;
 Trodden and mixt with common Earth;
 Mean Fate! for so sublime a Birth.

RIDDLE VII.

C Oæval with the World, I lay conceal'd,
'Till my Existence prying Man reveal'd ;
Sometimes in Caves and Mountains make my Bed,
And oft beneath the Waves in Embryo hid,
Nor ought I to deny the Aid of Strife,
By means of which I struggled into Life ;
Like Animals I do subsist by Breath,
Yet often from its Force receive my Death.
What sage *Pythagoras* of old maintain'd,
That Souls departed still new Bodies gain'd,
So I by Change of Habitation live,
And Transmigrating a new Life receive.
Thro' me blest Saints a certain Passage find
To those immortal Joys by Heaven assign'd ;
Thro' me too, Sinners sink into a Woe
Beyond the Power of present Thought to know.
All Men me court, and all alike me shun ;
I'm good to all, yet many have undone ;
Now flourish, now decay, now die, now live,
Now pleasure, and now Pain, by turns I give.
Substance and Form, in me, are but a Name,
For neither of the two I rightly claim ;
A Spirit less, and yet such Force enjoy,
As all material Beings shall destroy.

RIDDLE VIII.

THink not, fair Ladies, I'm a Cheat,
 Tho' I have never seen as yet
 A Hand I cou'd not counterfeit.
 Art took me from my Mother's Side,
 And did a kinder Nurse provide;
 Whose Care so far prevail'd, that soon
 I found my native Roughness gone.
 And from the Rule that Nature takes,
 In the more lovely Works she makes,
 As when her Wisdom strives to grace
 With Eyes and Lips the Human Face,
 In double Births her Work is seen,
 And each to other proves a Twin:
 'Tis thus I in the World appear,
 No sooner form'd, but am a Pair.
 I'm made the Guard of Female Charms;
 By them I was train'd up to Arms;
 And tho' I seem of gentle Mein,
 At Combats I have often been.

But tho' I seem to threaten War,
 To shew how much I Peace prefer,
 The dearest Friends have found in me,
 (When they wou'd Friendship's Laws decree)
 A well known Proverb to declare,
 How very intimate they are,

By

By th' Youth I'm claim'd for ravish'd Bliss,
And made the Fee of stolen Kisses;
When with a tender Tread, for fear
His Step shou'd wake the sleeping Fair,
He prints upon her melting Lip
The happy Forfeiture of Sleep.

I've such obliging Ways about me,
There's scarce a Visit made without me:
And in my Dress, where'er I go,
I sympathize with Joy or Woe.
When I at Funerals appear,
My Sable Robes I always wear;
And have a Suit of White beside,
Whenever I attend the Bride.

It is my chiefest Care to hide
The radiant Di'mond's sparkling Pride;
To keep the Em'rald's lovely green,
And the gay Ruby's Blush unseen;
But stay till I'm retir'd, and you
The hidden Furniture may view.
Then may the Youth a Treasure see!
To touch it would a Pleasure be;
The richest, softest Ivory!
May see of Gems a radiant Scene,
By th' Wearer polish'd o'er again:
May see a Sapphire proud to bear
A Ringlet of the fair One's Hair;
Then, too, the happy Bride may see,
Her Pledge of Bridal Constancy;

Which,

Which, in a plain-wrought Circle bending,
Denotes a Love that knows no Ending;
And shews, the Ornament shou'd be
Of truest Love, Simplicity.

Ladies, who have a Hand at guessing,
Know it is you I am addressing:
And by this Time, the Muse depends
You have me at your Fingers Ends.

RIDDLE IX.

THO' a good Soul I have, yet I can't hope
to be fav'd,

And in this World, from first to the last am en-
slav'd;

With Irons they torture and tear my poor Hide,
Then send me out naked; yet such is my Pride,
That in ev'ry Assembly I strive for the Lead,
Tho' it must be confess'd, I am far from the Head.
My Office the basest, my Food of the worst,
And tho' cram'd with raw Flesh till I'm ready
to burst,

Shou'd I offer to pouch, am most damnably curst.
For my Learning, it will a mere Paradox show,
Tho' I understand great Things, yet nothing I
know.

Tho' thus mean in myself, even Kings I support,
Have Access to the Fair, am familiar at Court,
And at Balls, have the principal Share in the Sport.

RIDDLE

RIDDLE X.

'T WAS Art that compleated the Form that
 I wear,
 From Nature's grand Chaos, digested in Air,
 To the Furnace I'm cast, and when come from
 the Lake,
 No Martyr so faithful e'er burn'd at the Stake.
 Then at once I'm admitted at Court, and am
 seen
 In a private Apartment employ'd by the Queen.
 No Knight in the City his Favour denies me,
 And there is not a Lady in Town but employs me.
 To *Bacchus*, I own, for his friendly Support
 I'm highly indebted, as Prince of the Sport.
 For Legs of my own I have none to employ,
 And yet to the Ladies I often am nigh.
 When rid out of Pleasure, and jaded with Spleen,
 I stain their white Stockings tho' ever so clean;
 Yet, if thus I happen to give them Affront,
 'Tis past by in Silence, no Mention made on't.
 I yield them such Ease, in so needful a Season,
 No Censure I merit in Justice or Reason.



RIDDLE XI.

Sublime, erect, I cut the yielding Air,
 A Guide as certain as the Morning Star,
 Turn'd like the Eagle to the Eye of Day,
 I with unwearied Pinions wing my Way,
 And round large Circles in the Sun-beams play.
 I musically mount like Morning Lark,
 And with sweet *Philomela* cheer the Dark;
 Then hang with outstretch'd Wings in equal
 Poise,
 Nor sinking down descend, nor soaring rise.
 In single Combat with a valiant Foe,
 I pluck'd the Laurel from the Champion's
 Brow,
 Giving both Man and Horse an Overthrow.
 Within my House some ghostly Fathers stand,
 Taking first Fruits and Tythes without Demand,
 In Robes of Virgin Innocence array'd,
 As white as Priest in new wash'd Surplice clad;
 Yet they are said, like others in the Land,
 To have an evil Heart and griping Hand.



RIDDLE XII.

I AM a Mute yet full of Eloquence;
 A decent Cover to a Want of Sense;
 The Life of Musick, and the Soul of Spleen,
 The Spring of Pain, and Fount of Joy unseen;
 A living Death who am of nothing made,
 In Noon-Day's Sun wrapt up in thickest Shade;
 Yet often call'd to sacred Justice' Aid.
 Wisdom provok'd, when Vice and Folly vent
 Their nauseous Sound, by me denies Assent.
 A Cloak for Guilt, and Modesty's Pretence,
 The Villain's Bait for artless Innocence;
 Allur'd by me the Cit suspends his Gains,
 To taste the Bliss I spread o'er rural Plains.
 The Sage and Wit me court, and me revere,
 As th'Element and Mint of Knowledge clear;
 In which it moves, from whence it springs and shines
 In num'rous ancient and some modern Lines.
 Ev'n stubborn Quakers in assembled Swarms,
 Give me the Praise of thousand thousand Charms.

RIDDLE XIII.

BEFORE creating *Nature* will'd
 That Atoms into Form shou'd jar,
 By me the boundless Space was fill'd,
 On me was built the first made Star.

C

For

For me the *Saint* will break his Word ;
 By the proud *Atheist* I'm rever'd ;
 At me the *Coward* draws his Sword,
 And by the *Hero* I am fear'd.
 Scorn'd by the meek and humble Mind,
 Yet often by the *vain* posselt ;
 Heard by the *Deaf*, seen by the *Blind*,
 And to the *troubl'd Conscience* rest :
 Than *Wisdom's* sacred Self I'm wiser,
 And yet by ev'ry *Blockhead* known ;
 I'm freely given by the *Miser*,
 Kept by the *Prodigal* alone.
 The * * * * God blefs him ! as ('tis said)
 At me is sometimes in a Passion ;
 Yet even *Him* I can persuade,
 To act against his Inclination.
 As *Vice* deform'd, as *Virtue* fair,
 The Courtier's Loss, the *Patriot's* Gains,
 The *Poet's* Purse, the *Coxcomb's* Care,
 Read, and you'll have me for your Pains.

RIDDLE XIV.

IN *Youth* exalted high in *Air*,
 Or *bathing* in the *Waters* fair ;
 Nature to form me took Delight,
 And clad my *Body* all in *White* :

My

My Person *tall*, and slender Waste,
 On either Side with *Fringes* grac'd;
 Till me that Tyrant Man espy'd,
 And drag'd me from my Mother's Side :-
 No Wonder now I look so thin;
 The Tyrant strip'd me to the Skin:
 My *Skin* he *flay'd*, my *Hair* he *cropt*,
 At Head and Foot my Body lopt:
 And then, with Heart more hard than Stone,
 He pickt my Marrow from the Bone.
 To vex me more he took a Freak,
 To slit my Tongue and make me speak:
 But, that which wonderful appears,
 I speak to Eyes and not to Ears.
 He oft employs me in Disguise,
 And makes me tell a Thousand Lies:
 To me he chiefly gives in Trust
 To please his Malice, or his Lust.
 From me no Secret he can hide;
 I see his Vanity and Pride:
 And my Delight is to expose
 His Follies to his greatest Foes.

All Languages I can command,
 Yet not a Word I understand.
 Without my Aid the best Divine
 In Learning wou'd not know a Line:
 The Lawyer must forget his Pleading,
 The Scholar cou'd not shew his Reading.

Nay; Man my Master is my Slave;
 I give Command to kill or save,
 Can grant ten Thousand Pounds a Year,
 And make a Beggar's Brat a Peer.

But while I thus my Life relate,
 I only hasten on my Fate.
 My Tongue is black, my Mouth is furr'd,
 I hardly now can force a Word.
 I die unpity'd and forgot;
 And on some Dunghil left to rot.

RIDDLE XV.

E'RE Time, or Place, or Forms were usher'd in,
 I am of ancient sacred Origin.
 O'th'empty Space, once an unquestion'd King,
 'Till half my native Lot I did resign
 To a bright Rival, who to me must owe
 His glorious Lustre, and Dominion too:
 'Twas from my pregnant undiscerned Womb,
 That all existent Forms at first did come.
 To me the Stars above their Brightness owe,
 And Mortals their Repose below:
 To my Protection the Distressed flee,
 Under my Shade the conscious Lovers free.
 I bear alternate Rule, one half of Time,
 By undisturbed Right I justly claim.

Then

Then of my filent Reign the' Advantage take,
And try what of the Myst'ry you can make.

RIDDLE XVI.

I Came of the *Cyclopean* Race,
Like them one Eye adorns my Face,
I'th' Middle of my Forehead plac'd.
But all the Works the *Cyclops* have
Wrought in their subterranean Cave,
Ev'n when our *Aphrodite's* Request
They on *Æneis* Shield and Crest,
The Fate of future *Rome* foretold,
(As Poets fabuliz'd of old,)
Were not so elegant and fine,
Or of such various Kinds as mine.
You'd judge me by my Equipage,
The greatest Warrior of the Age;
For if you do survey me round,
Nothing but Steel is to be found.
Yet going armed Cap-a-pee,
Like the old Knights of Errantry,
I am not fam'd for Chivalry.
Giants or Monsters I ne'er kill,
But tender Ladies Blood I spill.

RIDDLE XVII.

IN Times of Yore, when Things in common
were

'Mongst pious Men, when Universal Love,
To scatter'd Nations under the Expanse
Of Heaven's spacious Canopy, was taught;
Then sure the World with golden Days was blest'd.

But I have Reason 'gainst those Times t'exclaim,
Since even then this peaceful mutual Love
Never diffus'd its Influence on me;
For early Woes did with my Birth commence,
Nature was careless and my Shape deform'd.
Mankind malicious Enmity denounc'd,
And vow'd Aversion to my future Race;
Thus doom'd to Vengeance ever since I've been,
And now remain the Object of their Hate.

My Food is such as gives me great Content,
But always eat with Hazard of my Life:
Search ev'n in Palaces you'll find me there;
Yet oftener with poor *Iris* I cohabit.

Phillis she calls me Vagrant, Foe to Love,
And the Disturber of a sweet Repose:
But when of late her *Damon* I awoke
At Noon of Night, and bad him to prepare
For many Joys; the Swain with dreadful Ire
My boneless Trunk surpriz'd, and nail'd it down.

RIDDLE XVIII.

WITHIN the Bowels of the Earth immur'd
And with impenetrable Rocks secur'd,
I undiscover'd lay, 'till painful Art,
Depuls'd me from my Mother's tender Heart.

Some say I was engendred by the Sun,
In Beds of Adamant to Light unknown,
Which no prolific Rays did ever pierce,
Since the Foundation of the Universe.

I search the Depths of hidden Mysteries,
And show the various Changes of the Skies.
I warn the watchful Shepherds of the Plain
To guard their Flocks from Storms of Snow or
Rain.

I show when *Boreas* thunders in the North,
And *Æolus* his Den of Winds lets forth.

I teach the Seedsmen when to plough and sow,
And point the Seasons when to reap and mow.

When I am crush'd, t'a thousand Globes I run,
As small as dancing Atoms in the Sun;

Each floating Particle like rolling Sand
Trills back again, and joins at my Command.

So hissing Snakes their young ones rally home,
Who to their Mother's Bowels quickly come;

When cut in two the sever'd Parts conjoin,
And by a Plastic Touch unite again.

Thro'

Thro' sundry Transmutations I am toss'd,
And in Variety of Changes lost.
Sometimes I'm liquid Fire, then soon become
A Lump of Lead, a *Caput Mortuum*.
Tho' the *Alchymist* dissolves my shatter'd Frame
Into a thousand Shapes, I'm still the same.

RIDDLE XIX.

MY *Form* is beauteous to allure the Sight,
My *Habit* gay, of Colour *Gold* and *White*.
Most nicely shap'd, tho' of Proportion small,
Admir'd by many, and belov'd by all.

When *Sylvia* takes the Air it is my Pride
To walk with equal Paces by her Side.
Sitting, her filken Lap becomes my Nest,
And sleeping, I in her Apartment rest;
I near her Person constantly remain,
A favourite *Slave*, bound in a *golden Chain*.
And oh! how blest wou'd *Sylvia's* Lover be
Cou'd he exchange Estates with humble me!
Yet I without Delight can near her stand,
Nor feel the charming Touches of her Hand.
And when she casts on me auspicious Rays,
Blind and insensible of ev'ry Grace,
I view no Feature of her lovely Face.

Some

Some hold that Birds and Quadrupeds, tho' seen
To walk and fly, yet move but by Machine;
That all Things but the human Kind they'll prove
Not by Instinct, but hidden Engines move.
Tho' empty Speculations these, they'll be
Demonstrative, whene'er they're spoke of me;
For tho' I can both *speak* and go alone,
Yet are my *Motions* to myself unknown.

RIDDLE XX.

SILENCE ye *Tories*, lofty *Whigs* attend,
Each fair *Ænigmatist* Assistance lend;
Whilst I a Tyrant's wondrous Deeds remark,
In Metaphors obscure, Allusions dark.

The Learn'd his Title variously explain'd,
Some held *de Facto* others *Jure* gain'd;
But all agree some Hundred Years he's reign'd.
Whom Plots nor Poysons, fatal to the Great,
Nor all the secret Engineers of State,
Nor can pretending Rivals extirpate.
Invasions foreign, dauntless has withstood,
Enamel'd o'er with Wounds, and painted gay
with Blood:

Contending Parties, vain Supports he calls,
To his Rage Victims undistinguish'd fall,
Jews, *Turks*, reform'd *Jacks*, *Presbyters*, and all.

To make his Birth surprizing to Mankind,
 A merry God and wanton Goddeſs join'd.
 But he, degen'rate Wretch, in Fetters binds,
 Or Male, or Female, to no Sex confin'd.
 All Ties of Gratitude and Friendſhip ſcorns,
 And for good Uſage, ever ill returns.
 The Rich and Eaſy his Reſentment feel,
 Whiſt rugged Swains laugh at the threatned Wheel.
 Pleas'd with his Frowns all paſſively ſubmit,
 Nor their Allegiance, Love, or Friendſhip quit,
 For he not many Subjects dooms to die,
 But rather Life prolongs in Miſery.

Thus thoſe unhappy Slaves that Gallies row,
 And nought but Pain and Stripes and Sorrows know,
 Drudge on, and chearfully endure the Chains,
 Whiſt Life and pleaſing Hope of Liberty remains.

RIDDLE XXI.

WHEN the warm Sun withdraws its genial
 Rays,
 And longer Nights ſucceed declining Days :
 I to my Winter's Bed with haſte repair,
 Shunning th'Inclemencies o'th'frozen Air.
 Within the Hollow of a Rock immur'd,
 From all th'Attacks of Northern Blaſts ſecur'd ;
 In pleaſing Sleep I paſs whole Months away,
 Nor ſee the ſetting Sun nor riſing Day ;

No

No Thirst disturbs me in my long Retreat,
 Nor keener Hunger dictates when to eat.
 Whilst in the Fetters of long Sleep I'm bound,
 My lazy Blood ne'er circulates around;
 No Spirits take their Flight thro' ev'ry Pore,
 Inanimate I lie and am no more,
 'Till *Phæbus* does with active Heat return,
 And calls me from my solitary Urn;
 To intimate the blooming Spring is near,
 And introduce the Verdure of the Year.
 When, near some stately Seat I fix my Stay,
 And sport and sing the merry Hours away.

The sage Philosopher who all Things knows
 Shall tell my Story and my Name disclose.

RIDDLE XXII.

MOST lovely situate on a rising Ground,
 A pleasant City stands whose Walls are
 round,

Built for a Fence against both Foes and Cold;
 With but one entring Port, like *Troy* of old:
 Within such curious Streets and Houses are,
 So uniformly built, and regular,
 As might with Wonder and Amazement strike
 The best of Architects to do the like.

Their

Their Government's a glorious Monarchy,
Where all the Subjects free Allegiance pay.
Whether from royal Ancestors their Prince
Derives his Tokens of Preheminance;
Or whether from his noble Stature, he
Like goodly *Saul*, gains Superiority;
His Person's such as speaks him born to rule,
And all obey his Laws without Controul.
Here all the Citizens well armed are,
And yet they seem more prone to Work than War.
Tho' as we find in *Nehemiah's* Days,
Those zealous *Jews*, who did the Temple raise,
Wore Weapons at their Work; so must they here,
Or else be exil'd, as the Slothful are.
Their sprightly Youth are very often found
To fall out, and storm the spacious Round:
With such tumultuous Noise they fill the Skies,
As sets th'adjacent Dwellers in Surprise:
Who, finding that they can't by Force subdue
This Insurrection, have Recourse unto
Persuasive Stratagems, and forthwith beat
A Parley; and of Peace resolve to treat;
Nay gladly yield to this Capitulation,
To grant new Cities for their Habitation.
But mark th'Inconstancy of ev'ry State!
For this, like others, must submit to Fate,
And that a dismal one; much like what we
Of *Sodom* read in sacred History:

Oh!

Oh! sad Catastrophe! in Flames of Fire,
And sulphurous Smoke, they all at once expire,
But as from pious Souls, so here we find
They sweet Memorials leave, in all their Works
behind.

RIDDLE XXIII.

SAY who I am, bright Nymphs, for surely
you,
Or none, can prove such Paradoxes true,
As in the subsequent Discourse you'll find,
No Mortal is more constant to his Friend
Than I; and yet on t'other Hand, 'tis strange,
There's none more wav'ring, or more apt to range.
All known Parts of the World I travel o'er,
Tho' a Recluse and ne'er stir out of Door.
By Sea and Land to ev'ry Coast I come,
Tho', like the Quack, I travel much at home.
To stand on Picket, which the Soldiers dread,
Enlivens me, who otherwise am dead.
Hanging's the last Course does to some befall;
But I unhung, can shape no Course at all;
Yet soon as hung, I scamper to and fro,
Looking out sharp quite round me as I go,
Although I have no Eyes; nor can I rest,
Till I the Object find I fancy best,

D

Whom

Whom I respect still with my noblest Part,
 Although he is but of a stony Heart.
 I am remarkable for Constancy,
 Yet fickle Mortals learn to rove from me.
 Without Doors, I in Houses am confin'd;
 And tho' I am myself opaque and blind,
 I so enlighten others that they know
 By me, tho' senseless, where they ought to go.
 Thus I by flat Absurdities made clear,
 Shall, tho' conceal'd, to the Fair Sex appear.

RIDDLE XXIV.

IN vain we stretch our Thoughts to find
 Subjects to puzzle human Kind;
 When common Objects seem to me
 Ænigmas past Discovery.

Within my Body small as 'tis,
 Lurks many curious Mysteries;
 Few can my genial Atoms trace,
 Or how I propagate my Race;
 Tho' num'rous Beings owe to me,
 Themselves and their Posterity.
 Of diff'rent Size and Colour too,
Cameleon like of ev'ry Hue,
 Brown, Speckled, Yellow, Black or Blue.

What's

What's yet more strange, can make't appear,
 I ramble almost ev'ry where;
 On Earth, in Air, at random play,
 And o'er the boundless *Ocean* stray.

Of old a valuable Guest,
 Set uppermost at ev'ry Feast.
 From whence a Proverb I became,
 For ever shall preserve my Name.
 Some ancient learned *Mystæ* tell
 I represent the World so well,
 No livelier Symbol can be shown,
 Of its Duration, than my own.
 Within my Body central Heat
 Is fix'd, my Ruin to compleat,
 With diff'rent Strata cover'd o'er,
 Which must in Time the whole devour.
 So at the last tremendous Day,
 When sickening Nature shall decay,
 When boiling Seas inflam'd shall roar,
 And Streams of Sulphur scorch the Shore;
 Volcano's rend the Hills in twain,
 Convulsions heave the tott'ring Plain,
 The found'ring Earth from her Foundation's tore,
 Absorpt in her own Womb shall be no more.

RIDDLE XXV.

MY Head is well furnish'd without you will
own,

But to tell you the Truth, for Brains I have none:

Yet like those who're oblig'd to their Wits for
their Bread,

What keeps my Teeth going does come from
my Head:

My Throat is but narrow, yet wide are my Jaws,

I eat without chewing, my Teeth are like Claws;

As a Child that is fed by its Nurse, I ne'er eat

But when I've another to chew me my Meat;

'Tis true, she will taste when she feeds me—so
let her,

For the oft'ner she does so, it goes down the better.

Sorry Musick I make, yet a Flute or a Fiddle,

Does not turn to Account so much as this Riddle.

RIDDLE XXVI.

LET *Mandevil* and *Gulliver* no more

Impose on us, as they've done before,

With *Pigmies* and a *Lilliputian* Race,

Where not a Line of Truth can any trace.

I here describe a Stranger Race than they,

Which Beings have produc'd the nobler Way.

At Parents Will, their Offspring's great or small,
 Some near two Feet, some scarce two Inches tall.
 An *Embrio*, or *Fætus* some remain;
 Others when dead, do rise to Life again.
 Some longer live than old *Methuselah*;
 Others like Farts, just squeak and die away.
 Their final Exit something strange may seem,
 Men die of Sickness, these of Disesteem.
 But those of greater Worth do least decline,
 As Years advance, they with more Splendor shine.
 Some are in Arts and Sciences profound,
 Others in Languages do most abound,
 And Multitudes nothing but empty Sound.
 Some prove their old Descent from *Greece* and *Rome*,
 Some tell of Things past, present and to come.
 They seldom fight, but oft make use of Words,
 And hot Disputes are ended without Swords.
 The major Part in Skins of Beasts are dress'd,
 Some plain, some colour'd, others richly lac'd.
 And some like Seamen in blue Shirts appear;
 Others, like *Indians*, Party Colours wear.
 Their Politicians oft *stark-naked* are,
 And with the Strolers have a common Fare;
 Their Class of Lawyers have a whiter Dress,
 Who all their Skill without a Fee confess.
 Stop here, rash Pen, diffuse no more thy Ink,
 Thou hast not left the *Reader* Room to think.

RIDDLE XXVII.

THO' an odd Kind of Fowl; when you
hit on my Name,

I am sure you will own me a Bird of the Game.

All my Wings are well poiz'd, which in Num-
ber are four,

Tho' a few of my Brethren are furnish'd with
more. (greater,

They're white as a Swan's: But the Wonder's the
That my Wings must be clipp'd, to make me fly
better.

And it's strange, since my Body so small and so
light is,

That the longer my Wings are, the slower my
Flight is.

And to tell you the Truth (which must needs
raise your Laughter)

My Body flies first, and draws my Wings after;

And it's easy to prove that I'm right in my Notion,

Since the heavier my Bulk is, the swifter my Mo-
tion:

Yet observe and you'll find, that my Wings when
I rise,

Are before; but I turn them behind in a Trice.

Tho' my Body's in Substance as small as a
Wren's,

Yet I toil and I spin for the Good of my Friends.

But

But when once my Skill fails me, I meet with
 hard Measure,
 For I'm scorn'd, and rejected, and trampled at
 Pleasure;
 Tho', what cou'd their fiercest Resentments do
 more?
 For they tofs'd me, and thump'd me, and box'd
 me before!
 But it's strange, as the Life of a Silkworm my
 Trade is,
 That I am not, like that, more in Vogue with
 the Ladies;
 Unless they suspect us for common Deceivers,
 'Cause, as *Spinsters*, we borrow our Name from
 the Weavers.

RIDDLE XXVIII.

OFFSPRING of an illust'rous Sire
 A swarthy *Negro* I appear;
 As soon as born I post away,
 For People curse me if I stay;
 A more unwelcome Guest there's none;
 Stout Men shed Tears unless I'm gone:
 Why don't they kill me? Then you'll ask,
 No that's too difficult a Task.
 But they, my Nature's Frailty knowing,
 Leave me to work my Overthrowing.

Such

Such is my Constitution, I
 (Like modern Libertines) soon die
 By a full Swing of Liberty.
 And Men are oft' at no small Charge
 To force me out to rove at large.

When once got clear, in wanton Pride,
 I, (like the Beggar mounted) ride,
 And vary Shapes as *Proteus* did;
 Yet can I in no Form lie hid:
 My dusky Hue, which ne'er does change,
 Betrays me wheresoe'er I range,
 E'en till my Death; which soon draws nigh,
 For, to speak Truth, th'*Ephem'ron* Fly
 Reigns in his Sphere as long as I.
 But in our Fates this Diff'rence lies,
 He falls to th'Earth, I mount the Skies.

RIDDLE XXIX.

TWIN-BORN into the World I come,
 Tho' not apparent from the Womb.
 I mostly am produc'd in Pairs,
 Which Male as well as Female bears.

I first of all defend my Parents
 From noisy Mobs, and their Adherents,
 And tho' I boldly fight and wound,
 I'm destitute of Voice and Sound.

Of,

Oft, as my Parents I survive,
I wond'rous Use from Art derive :
I then am plainly heard from far,
Loud as an Instrument of War.
And oft I'm in the public Station
Of general Negotiation :
By me all Matters circulate
Of City, Country, Church and State.

I in my Travels bear great Sway,
Scarce any dare obstruct my Way.
To my Persuasion Numbers yield,
And at my Summons take the Field ;
Where chear'd by me they best sustain
The Toils and Dangers of the Plain :
This done I silent Service give,
And Troops fatigu'd thro' me revive,
When I Refreshment kind impart,
And with long Draughts regale the Heart.

When sinking *Phæbus* yields to Night,
And Stars diffuse their feeble Light,
I then transmit a borrow'd Ray,
And kindle Darkness into Day.
All I shall add is, Ladies, ye
Contribute to the making me.

RIDDLE XXX.

BECAUSE I am by Nature blind,
I wisely chuse to walk behind;
However, to avoid Disgrace,
I let no Creature see my Face.
My Words are few, but spoke with Sense:
And yet my speaking gives Offence:
Or, if to whisper I presume,
The Company will fly the Room.
By all the World I am oppress'd,
And my Oppression gives them Rest.

Through me, tho' fore against my Will,
Instructors ev'ry Art instill.
By Thousands I am sold and bought,
Who neither get nor lose a Groat;
For none, alas, by me can gain,
But those who give me greatest Pain.
Shall Man presume to be my Master,
Who's but my Caterer and Taster?
Yet though I always have my Will,
I'm but a meer Depender still:
An humble Hanger-on at best;
Of whom all People make a Jest.

In me, Detractors seek to find
Two Vices of a diff'rent Kind:

I'm

I'm too profuse, some Cens'ers cry,
 And all I get, I let it fly :
 While others give me many a Curse,
 Because too close I hold my Purse.
 But this I know, in either Case
 They dare not charge me to my Face.
 'Tis true indeed, sometimes I save,
 Sometimes run out of all I have ;
 But when the Year is at an End,
 Computing what I get and spend,
 My Goings out, and Comings in,
 I cannot find I lose or win ;
 And therefore all that know me, say
 I justly keep the middle Way.
 I'm always by my Betters led ;
 I last get up, and first a-bed ;
 Though, if I rise before my Time,
 The Learn'd in Sciences sublime,
 Consult the Stars, and thence foretell
 Good Luck to those with whom I dwell.

R I D D L E XXXI.

IN foreign Countries from the fruitful Earth,
 By some auspicious Hand I first took Birth,
 Since which I've travell'd round the spacious Sphere,
 And by a Knight was nat'ralized here.

With

With ev'ry Peasant now familiar grown,
And much esteem'd in Country and in Town.
With wond'rous Ease I in my tender Youth,
Receive the Bent of Error, or of Truth;
'Twas then that I went thro' as hot a Coast,
As any the Terraqueous Globe can boast.
The scorching Clime wrought strange Effects on
And made me whiter by a great Degree? (me;
Statefmen, when dark Debates o'erspread the
To me, their sure Asylum straight resort, (Court,
And by my Aid dispatch in Half an Hour,
What puzzled all the House for Twenty-four.
The Poet owns my Worth, implores my Aid,
While supperless he plies the gingling Trade,
Thro' me inspiring Emanations flow,
That make his Numbers soft as falling Snow.
Those noble Virtues which through me accrue,
Virgil and mighty *Homer* never knew.
With me pragmatick Cits adjust the Scale
Of Peace and War, when greater Statefmen fail.
The Patriot, Lawyer, Chimney-sweeper, Gown,
Merchant and Porter will my Service own.
I'm justly valu'd for my doing Good,
The Poor and Hungry I supply with Food;
And oft Relief to Men when ill,
Sometimes beyond the ablest Doctor's Pill.
My Constitution is but weak, tho' sound,
But, by kind Usage will be lasting found.

I, Lady-like, can show a beauteous Skin,
Yet Flatterer-like not always so within.
By Ladies always treated with a Slight,
Since I'm no Friend to Love or soft Delight.

R I D D L E XXXII.

IN vain have Men their utmost Art employ'd,
And all their subtle Stratagems essay'd ;
Vain are the study'd Efforts of their Skill,
Which various Shelves of learned Volumes fill,
To chase me hence ; I shall maintain my Sway,
Long as bright Sol illuminates the Day.

In ev'ry Quarter of the Globe I reign,
And potent Realms in mazy Fetters chain.
The Cause of *Rome* I mightily support,
And fix the Grandeur of the Papal Court :
Nor am I undistinguish'd for the same ;
For they with Honour dignify my Name.
In gloomy Darkness I have ever dwelt,
More palpable than that which *Egypt* felt.
I nat'rally abhor the Face of Light,
For that infallibly destroys me quite.
And yet in open Day I oft appear,
With brazen Front quite unappall'd with Fear.

RIDDLE XXXIII.

READER it is my Fate to be
A Slave to one who wears my Livery,
A Person of vile Character ; in brief,
A noted Sabbath-breaker and a Thief.
In sawcy Manner he has often said,
He once did entertain a crowned Head.
No Wonder then, you hear him oft complain,
Whilst I'm at Work the Rascal to maintain.
He takes his Pleasures and he lolls at Ease,
But takes due Care my Labour shall not cease ;
With endless Tasks he keeps me still employ'd,
As if my Strength could never be destroy'd.
But constant Toil Disorders inward breed,
And wears my Constitution out with Speed ;
My Bowels (sure Prognostick of Decay !)
With Wind or Water rumble Night and Day :
My Thirst is sometimes so intense, that I,
(You'd almost swear) wou'd drink a River dry.
And what is more remarkable, is this,
As often as I drink, so oft I piss.
And tho' I make large Meals, I'm never sick
At Stomach, my Discharges are so quick.
Then what is my Disease, perhaps you'll query,
A Diabetes, or a Lienbery ?

Alas !

Alas ! too sure, 'tis both in Complication ;
My Drink runs thro' me without Alteration.
And what I eat it does me little good,
For why ?—My Excrements are perfect Food.
And therefore 'tis become a common Rule,
To watch me well whene'er I go to Stool.

RIDDLE XXXIV.

TO be dress'd in the Fashion, our Taylor must
join
The Emblems of *York* and the *Lancaster* Line.
From our Titles, dear Ladies, you will judge of
our Worth,
As you like our Descent, and the Place of our Birth.
But you needs must indulge us the Honours we
claim,
From the Scarlet we wear in his Majesty's Name.
While we stand Rank and File, stout, gallant,
and gay,
Like tall Grenadeers, in Battle Array ;
With our Helmets as bright as the Heroes that
shine,
On the Banks of the *Sare*, the *Moselle* and the
Rhine.
Not the *British* Dragoons nor the *Hectors* of
France,
Nor the Troops of the *Dutch*, in such Order advance.

Tho' to own the plain Truth, we are Sharpers
confest,

And a Race but of brazen-fac'd Upstarts at best,
Yet engag'd in your Cause, on Punctilioes we stand,
As much as the haughtiest Lord in the Land.

When arrested, we're dragg'd by the Head to our
Duty,

And are doom'd to be Slaves to the Charms of a
Beauty.

We act as Trustees in Behalf of the Fair,
Their Cambricks, and Silks, and Brocades are
our Care.

And, Ladies, so earnest our Zeal for our Trust is
That we hazard our Necks in doing you Justice:
For you seldom complain of your Hopes disap-
pointed,

'Till our Heads are lopt off, or our Bodies dis-
jointed.

At your Glafs and your Toilet we wait on you
still,

At the Church, Park and Play-house, Tea, Dice,
and Quadrille.

We rest on your Lap, and we lean on your Arm,
We recline on your Bosom, and on your Head
swarm.

If we chance to displease you, we miss of our Aim;
For it is not our Fault, but yourselves are to
blame:

To

To be plainer, and make all your Trouble
amends,
We were, Ladies, this Morning at your
fair Fingers Ends,
And (perhaps) kifs'd your Lips too — to
shew we're your Friends.

RIDDLE XXXV.

HEAR, whilst you can, the poor Man's
Orator,

Which often pleads, but never spoke before.

From Everlasting I my Lineage trace,
Prior to Time, and unconfin'd to Place:
Before the Morning Stars, the Sons of God,
Hail'd Infant Nature with a Birth-day Ode,
I, like some indolent majestic Drone,
In sullen Pomp sat nodding on my Throne;
Serene and calm was my unactive Reign,
Exempt from War, and all its clam'rous Train.
At length, th'extensive Empire I possess,
Attack'd by pow'rful Enemies, decreas'd.
A wild unruly Cur, my mortal Foe,
With open Mouth proclaim'd my Overthrow:
In this Rebellion join'd the brutal Herd;
And all the strifeful Elements concurr'd:
And now, the Poet, Lawyer, and Divine,
Against me rise, and all their Force combine,

Inspir'd by Joy or Grief, or Fear or Rage,
A motley Host ! promiscuously engage :
Fierce *Amazons* stand foremost in the Throng ;
None so courageous, none hold out so long.
By Numbers thus o'erpower'd, I vanquish'd seem.
But soon the Honour of the Day redeem :
All tir'd with fighting, yield at length to me,
And to me, as their safe Asylum, flee ;
Under my brooding Wings securely fit,
'Till waken'd by the next rebellious Fit.

When scar'd by clashing Swords and thund'ring
Fire,

I, from the Fields, to lonely Groves retire ;
There sooth the fond forsaken Lover's Pain,
Who sighs to me, and courts my gentle Reign.
To me th'exhausted Orator submits ;
Guarded by me ev'n Blockheads vie with Wits :
In me dull Senators their Ends obtain,
When Reason flags, and Arguments are vain.
Villains in me of Virtue seem to boast.
Past Crimes and Services in me are lost.
By me the Fool deceives the Learn'd and Wise,
In Deathless me, all short-liv'd Folly dies.

R I D.

RIDDLE XXXVI.

YE Females polite, who in Riddles delight,
 Your Regard and Attention I crave;
 From my own native Clime, I'm exil'd for no
 And by Infidels sold as a Slave. (Crime,
 Like your Sex I am frail, yet to give a Detail
 Of my Virtues and Uses were endless;
 I assist two kind Brothers, among many others,
 Who without my Protection were friendless.
 By Youth I'm despis'd, by the Aged I'm priz'd,
 Yet befriend both the Young and the Old;
 As in *Spain* they well know, and they publicly
 That they value me next to their Gold. (show,
 Like a careful Physician, whose Patient's Condition
 Requires his Assistance with Speed;
 So I ride to relieve you, yet always deceive you,
 When you most of my Help stand in Need.
 But if I should straddle too wide on my Saddle,
 I hazard the being dismounted;
 And if hurt by my Fall, tho' the Wound be but
 I am afterwards worthless accounted. (small,
 When exalted most, I'm more firm to my Post;
 Then say not that I am ungrateful;
 I am faithful and just, and true to my Trust,
 Yet at the same Time am deceitful.

Tho'

Tho' I kindle that Fire, which doth Friendship
 And doth oft Conversation improve; (inspire,
 The amorous Wight doth my Services slight,
 As a Foe both to Beauty and Love.
 In Pulpit and Pew, I appear in your View,
 With Gravity suiting the Place;
 To Parliament too with's Lordship I go,
 And trip it to Court with his Grace.
 As all Ranks and Degrees of Mankind thus I please,
 You sure must have heard of my Fame;
 Then Fair Ones Adieu; I leave it to you
 To tell, if you can, what's my Name.

RIDDLE XXXVII.

MY Head and Tail are of one Size and Form;
 And, if by Chance, that, shatter'd in a
 Storm,

My Skull shou'd suffer, my officious Bum,
 To higher Orbs advanc'd, supplies its Room.

Round is my Shape, my Bulk as broad as long;

Firm is my Basis, and my Nerves are strong:

Sound are my Lungs, my Voice is heard from far,

Quick is my Pulse, my Mouth is ope'd for Air,

That's like a burning Fever in the Blood;

Yet this, Camelion-like, is all my Food.

With

With double Breast and Buttons round my Waist,
With Hoops, and Loops, and Stays, and Laces
grac'd :

Nor must my Bridle be forgot, in Fashion
Amongst the Ladies of our *British* Nation.

The Colours, Titles, and the Arms I bear,
Blazon my Fame, and speak my Character ;
Ten thousand Vassals at my Levee stand,
Come when I call, and move at my Command.

By me inspir'd, Men keep or break the Peace,
I fire their Rage, and make their Fury cease.
Myself obnoxious to a Tyrant's Will,
Who wreaks unpity'd Vengeance on me still ;
Racking my Limbs, he turns me o'er and o'er,
He lugs my Ears, and thumps me 'till I roar.
Hence dire Convulsions strike thro' ev'ry Vein,
And make my Life a boist'rous Tempest seem :
Nor is it strange thro' such a Scene of Woe,
If, as I shrink and rise to ev'ry Blow,
My rumbling Entrails sympathize below.

At last like noble *Berwick* fam'd in Story,
My Head I forfeit for my Country's Glory.

RIDDLE XXXVIII.

WHILE I try to conceal what is so much
in sight,

You may think I am washing the *Ethiop* white ;

But

But, perhaps, it may prove not so easy a Task
 To discover my Being hid under a Mask;
 Yet, to help your Conjecture, e're further you go,
 From what Kind of Parents I spring, you shall
 know.

They are lively and useful, and decently drest,
 Are constant Companions, at Night, for the Best.
 But their Lives are so short,—from the Time they
 began

To their End—may be literally counted a Span.
 They sleep half the Time if they live out a Week,
 And when they're awake are consumptive & weak.
 Still harder my Fate—from such weak Parents born,
 Tho' seen over Night, yet scarce ever next Morn;
 So nice are my Organs, a strong favour'd Breath,
 Or a Stamp with the Foot, brings immediate Death;
 And some of my Brethren, more tender than I,
 In less than a Moment are born, live, and die.

Tho' so short is our Time, not so trifling
 our Power,

We can many wild Notions produce in an Hour;
 At our Presence, unusual Convulsions abound,
 And Horror or Joy run alternately round.

MYRA flatter'd with Hope, is in Extasy tofs'd,
 CHLOE frozen with Fear, is insensibly lost;
 STELLA smiles—While ALEXIS, to comfort his
 Dear,

Endeavours to prove there is no Danger near.

'Tis

'Tis only in Women we raise a Surprize;
For the Men, they will tell you, our Oracle lies.

RIDDLE XXXIX.

IN *May*, the pleasant'st Month in all the
Year,
When Birds in tuneful Consort first appear,
And beauteous Prospects tell that Summer's
near;
When Meadows are in blooming Verdure seen,
The Trees and Hedges newly cloath'd in Green;
When Nature's Pride, adorns th' enamel'd Fields,
Which to th' industrious Bee a Harvest yields,
Then are the beauteous Nymphs and chearful
Swains,
With rural Sports rejoycing o'er the Plains.
Before the ripen'd Corn employs the Day,
Or the more pleasant Harvest of the Hay;
Their chief Diversion is by me supply'd;
By Force they tear me from my Parents Side,
Then wound my tender Form with burning Steel,
And, like a Traitor, rack me on a Wheel.

'Tis I by various Ways maintain the Poor,
Supply the Rich, increase the Merchants Store,
Support the Destitute in Time of Need,
And cloath the Naked, and the Hungry feed,

Assist

Assist the Statesman, and the Priest defend,
 Adorn the Beau, and on the Fair attend.
 Inclined to ramble; tho', by the Law's Decree,
 Confin'd at home with strict Severity;
 In borrow'd Splendour I attend the Great,
 With various Pomp on ev'ry Courtier wait;
 For me the Lawyer pleads with artful Speech,
 And active Soldiers tempt the dang'rous Breach;
 The Poet writes for me no less than Fame;
 And those will find me near, who guess my Name.

RIDDLE XL.

FROM me a single Birth my Race begins,
 I've many Brothers and they all are Twins.
 How small of Size, to tell you I am loath;
 In short they all outstrip me much in Growth.
 Both to the Sight and Touch our Shapes are fine,
 Yet 'tis well known, we to one Side incline.

In Winter Quarters we together lie,
 Lull'd in a State of Inactivity;
 As if without premeditated Harm,
 We only meant to keep each other warm.
 But when the proper Season comes again,
 We all draw out and open the Campaign:
 On a fair verdant Plain extended far,
 Two equal Squadrons try the Chance of War,

To

To lead them up both Parties pitch on me,
 And still I keep a strict Neutrality.
 Accordingly I share a Neutral's Fate,
 Whom none sincerely love, or throughly hate;
 Whom as their present Intereſts direct,
 All treat with Favour, or with Diſreſpect.
 Such various Hap by Turns I undergo,
 And find each Warrior both my Friend and Foe.
 He who my Perſon from Affronts does ſcreen,
 With kind Aſſiſtance now ſteps in between,
 As Cauſes alter, and his Wrath provoke,
 Aims at my Breſt a ſtrong and deſp'rate Stroke;
 Tho' to confeſs the Truth, and do him Right,
 He thus proceeds from Honour, not from Spight;
 Jealous to ſee ſome Rival cloſe by me,
 Maintain a Poſt, where he himſelf wou'd be.

Fortune unbias'd for a Season ſtands,
 Conſtant to none, but often changing Hands.
 The ſcatter'd Forces rally all anew,
 And with unwearied Toil the Fight purſue.
 Thrice three Engagements oftentimes are known,
 E're either Side cou'd call the Day their own;
 Then all to a deciſive End is brought,
 And loud Huzza's proclaim the Vict'ry got.

RIDDLE XLI.

FROM what first Artift I my Being claim,
 Authors are silent, Records don't explain;
 Yet as to Neatness, Usefulness and Dress,
 My Worth the frugal Dame must needs confess:
 And as to Forms, my great Variety
 The famous *Euclid's* Sons can best descry;
 Nor varies more my Shape, than does my Dress,
 And oft my Cloaths my Pedigree exprefs.

In homely Cottages I oft appear,
 In mean Array, but yet am welcome there;
 But when to Ladies I my Visits pay,
 Like them I sparkle, glitter and look gay,
 As any Birth-Night Beau, or Flow'r in *May*. }

To serve, to please, and to attend the Fair,
 Is still my ultimate, my only Care,
 Yet such my Treatment is, and such my Fate,
 When Nymphs and Swains their Nuptials celebrate,
 When the fair blushing Bride is put to Bed,
 I'm scorn'd, contemn'd, and dare not shew my Head.

But when the Chat of Dad's own Nose goes round,
 There's none more useful, none more welcome found;

Nay,

of RIDDLES.

51

Nay, *Zachary*-like, though dumb (who wou'd
suppose it ?)

I tell the Infant's Name, before the Parson
knows it.

But ah ! ye cruel, ye ungrateful Fair !

My Wrongs are such, Complaint I can't forbear :

I, who your Creature am, your Friend, your Slave,

In whom so many Benefits you have ;

For whose Supply alone (deny't who can ?)

You oft enjoy some hundred Pounds *per Ann* ;

Yet thro' my Bowels stabb'd with many a Wound

From your soft Hands, I oft am prostrate found :

Nay more, (believe me for I cannot lie,)

Hanging is sometimes too my Destiny.

RIDDLE XLII.

TO aid your Conception in every Degree,
Concerning so shapeless a Creature as me,
I'll tell you my Birth without any deceiving,
My strong Constitution and Manner of Living.
To procure the Ingredients my Structure demands,
They oft have Recourse unto Foreigners Lands ;
To havock the Ocean, and murder at Sea,
To purchase a Part of what constitutes me.

In artful Inclosure, a Skin on each Side,
Oh ! grand Imposition ! all Favours deny'd,

My stoutest Assistant is barr'd from the Light,
In fatal Obscurement conceal'd from the Sight.
My Body compounded and work'd into Shape,
Or at least to a Posture no Monkey can ape;
So enormous a Monster as now I appear,
Devoid of an Head, and without any Ear;
So artfully form'd, and produc'd into Birth,
The like, before, never appear'd upon Earth.
I'm grac'd with as crooked and aukward a Snout,
(Tho' not quite so long and so spacious, I doubt)
As much like a Swine's as one Pea to another;
And, if I had Nostrils, I'd call him my Brother.
My Legs, I can venture to say within Bound
Are twelve, if not more, tho' they ne'er touch
the Ground.

And grant me the Favour to raise your Surprise,
In relating my wonderful Number of Eyes;
If narrowly search'd, more than thirty you'll find;
And, strange to be told, they all center behind:
The Food that my kind Benefactor bestows,
I receive at my Eyes, as my Patron knows.
The Provision I take never hinders my Sight,
I receive it at Noon, and discharge it at Night.
Yet, tho' such a wonderful Form I sustain,
So lumpish a Monster devoid of a Brain;
With the Ladies, I bear an unlimited Sway,
And always accomplish my Labour by Day:
And then, like the rest of the World, I delight
To take my Repose in the Gloom of the Night.

My

My destin'd Employment I never resume,
 'Till *Sol* has dispersed from *Æther* the Gloom ;
 Then quick to the Centre of Gravity move,
 The Centre of Joy, and the Centre of Love.
 No Swain but wou'd count my Employment an
 Honour,
 No Lady wou'd blush to confine me upon her.

RIDDLE XLIII.

WHEN the whole Universe lay self-confm'd,
 And Worlds on Worlds were in one *Chaos*
 join'd ;
 E'er Nature's Embrio ripen'd into Birth,
 Or Motion was imparted to the Earth ;
 Before the Planetary Dance begun,
 Or peopl'd Stars revolv'd about their Sun ;
 I Being had :—And Purity like mine
 May boast of its Original Divine ;
 And as its Birthright claim the Complement
 Of those who stile me—the *most excellent*.
 Th'Omnipotent, who sits enthron'd on high,
 In all the State of awful Majesty,
 Has so far honour'd me, that I am one
 Of those pure Beings, which attend his Throne.
 Nor is my Residence to Heaven confin'd,
 I'm present with, and useful to Mankind ;

By whom I'm highly priz'd, since 'tis to me
They owe (at least) their chief Felicity.

With an incredible Celerity,
From Heav'n to Earth I in a Trice can fly ;
From whence returning, can again as soon
Extend my Flight beyond the Silver Moon.
And in few Minutes lengthen out my Race
Thro' the vast Regions of unbounded Space.

Tho' I have constantly been felt and seen,
My Nature ever hath mysterious been,
'Till a Philosopher of Worth and Fame
Anatomiz'd me, and discern'd my Frame.
A Company of fond conceited Elves
Wou'd fain engross me wholly to themselves ;
How vainly, let th'Observer judge, who sees
To what a Height I *Flora's* Charms increase.
Ye beauteous Fair, who do that Jewel prize,
Which with Artillery furnishes your Eyes,
Peruse the Riddle, and beyond all doubt,
Before you've read it twice, you'll find me out.

RIDDLE XLIV.

REvere the Sage, whose Genius far renown'd,
A wond'rous Dome did raise, a Fabrick found!
Due Praise to *Shenkin*, Britain ever gives,
Who, as Inventor, by th' Invention lives :

Long

Long may he live, whose Memory (we find)
 In Verse immortal shines, and stands refin'd.
 Reader vouchsafe to lend an Ear awhile,
 And take a View “ of the stupendous Pile :
 “ In Form quadrangular two Planks are laid,
 “ One founds the Basis, and one crowns the Head ;
 “ The Sides with Bolts and Bars supported round,
 “ On which strong Columns stand, erect and found ;
 “ An Entry does insidiously ensnare,
 “ With hospitable Look, the Felon near ;
 “ But from above depends a threat'ning Board,
 “ Hung by a Twine, like *Demeas*'s Sword.
 High on the Surface of this Fabrick stands
 “ A Pole, on whose notch'd Head a Beam expands
 “ Its wooden Arms, and pois'd alike in all,
 “ One End moves upwards by the other's Fall.
 Within this Dome a slender Thread depends,
 Which from a Window down above descends ;
 “ Which pendulously wantons here and there,
 “ And at the slightest Touch plays loose in Air.
 The lower Part, or Cell, with wily Bait
 Is fill'd, like Store-house, full of luscious Meat ;
 “ The upper Part does treacherously seem
 “ To bite with deadly Teeth th' extreamest Beam.
 No sooner enters in the Villain Foe,
 But instantly she lets the Portal go !
 There, without Bail, Compassion, or Relief,
 Too late for Succour calls the dying Thief !

In

In mournful Plight he's swallow'd unawares,
Forgetful of his own, that minds another's Cares.

Thus, as you see, I've play'd the Builder's Part,
Describ'd the Edifice by Rules of Art:
Observe the Plan, and then you will, no Doubt,
What's here in mystic Lines conceal'd, find out.

RIDDLE XLV.

I'VE an Head pretty large, but, to tell you the
Truth,

'Tis furnish'd with neither Eyes, Nose, or a
Mouth;

But such as it is, 'tis applied to another,
Who perhaps was my Father, or Sister or Brother.

On my Head, like the Ladies, a Ribbon I wear,
Which by the Artificer's plaited with Care,
To make me look smart when abroad in the Air. }

To heighten yet farther the Charms of my Face,
Some dress me in Silver, and others in Brass.

To appear in most Colours I'm known to delight;
With the Grave I'm in Black, with the Beau I'm
in White.

But when I am purchas'd by *Roger* the Clown,
'Tis Odds but I'm dress'd in a deep Ruffet-brown.

The King and the Peasant do equally share
My friendly Assistance, and so do the Fair:

Thro'

Thro' lonely By-ways I often do guide them,
 And safely conduct, that no Harm may betide 'em.
 If at *Windsor* the King does unharbour the Deer,
 Then I close by his Majesty's Person appear,
 And am seen Cheek by Jole in the hottest Career:
 In his Equipage lately abroad I was sent,
 But I hope it was not with pacifick Intent;
 Not to shine in my splendid Attire at Review,
 Nor to make at the Head of his Troops a grand
 Shew;
 But to lead his brave Soldiers to conquer his Foes,
 Who've disturb'd many Years *Britannia's* Repose.
 One Hint to the Ladies I can't but reveal;
 I do them most Good when they've hold of my
 Tail.

R I D D L E XLVI.

I'M of all Kinds of Vice, both of Age and of
 Youth,
 And of all Kinds of Virtue the Seat:
 Wherever I'm present, ev'n Error is Truth;
 When absent, ev'n Truth is a Cheat.
 To Knowledge indeed I've no Sort of Pretence,
 Tho' 'tis me the Parson applies to;
 Or I boldly thrust in to judge of his Sense,
 Or whether he Sense can arise to.

Thersites,

Thersites, possess'd not of Courage or Love,

'Tis thought had but little of me :

Achilles's Actions sufficiently prove

I was his in the highest Degree.

Sometimes I'm as mad as a March-Hare, or nigh,

Sometimes like a Dog that is dead ;

Not Woman herself alters oft'ner than I,

I mean in the Dress of her Head.

In a Casket environ'd with Abundance of Care,

From Harm you would think me secure ;

At least, that no very great Ill were my Share,

So long as the Shrine would endure.

Yet oft in a terrible Flame I'm involv'd,

When the Casket can scarce be call'd warm ;

As by Light'ning, they tell us, a Sword is dissolv'd,

Yet the Scabbard shall suffer no Harm.

My Owner, who loves me almost as his Soul,

With the Fair-one yet ventures to leave me ;

He loses me quite, she possesses me whole,

Tho' she never, perhaps, did receive me.

But still I my old Habitation retain,

Ev'n after I'm turn'd out of Doors,

And whilst he is seeking to fetch me again ;

Ladies, say what I am, and I'm yours.

RIDDLE XLVII.

I HAD a Being e're the World was made,
 And am well fix'd; of ending not afraid:
 I shall remain the same from Age to Age,
 'Till the last dreadful Day shall clear the Stage.
 I'm full Employ for all the Quality,
 And am possess'd by those of mean Degree,
 Tho' they're asham'd that they converse with
 me. }
 In Children's Play I can their Breasts inflame;
 And oft' in me concludes the Statesman's Aim:
 With Kings and Beggars I alike am free,
 And in their Closets bear them Company.
 All I enjoy I freely give 'em gratis;
 And yet of me, 'tis plain, are *nunquam satis*:
 A famous *English* Wit said, you might see,
 The Virtues of seven Nations end in me.

RIDDLE XLVIII.

SINCE many strive, in these ingenious Days,
 To write on Subjects in mysterious Phrase,
 And to conceal the same, obscurely get
 Behind the Curtain of ambiguous Wit;

Let

Let me, for once, the humorous Project try,
To veil a Truth in Ambiguity.

Before I was expos'd to Sight of Day,
Within the Bowels of a Beast I lay;
Thrice did the *Ethereal Lamp* return
From the cold *Goat*, and thrice the *Crab-Fish* burn;
While I by small Increase distend the Womb,
And Burthen to my Parent did become;
Yet still my Parent cou'd not bring me forth,
'Till that his Death and Opening gave me Birth.
From hence a Change in State and Form I knew,
And, in my Shape, was altogether new;
Then quickly married to an *Indian* bred;
Nor can there be a truer Couple wed.
In near Embrace I to his Body clung,
Where'er he went, I still upon him hung:
At length, tho' guilty of no lethal Crime,
We both were hung upon one Place and Time.
Nor was that thought sufficient Punishment,
For soon we to a Fun'ral Pile were sent;
Where we in Union close together came,
And, without Pity, perish'd in the Flame.

RIDDLE XLIX.

KINGS reign o'er Nations, I o'er Kings bear
Rule,
Bred up in Nature's rough, unpolish'd School;

I always a tyrannic Sceptre sway'd,
 Yet in all Places, worshipp'd and obey'd.
 My Subjects know I'm of an ancient Race,
 And that my Pow'r can make Men brave or base.
 When Towns are sack'd, and Kingdoms are un-
 I lead the Armies of both Parties on: (done,
 War's my Delight, the Moment I was form'd,
 A War commenc'd, and high-born Pow'rs, I arm'd.
 I liv'd before the *Ammonian* Victor drew
 His conquering Sword, or Nations did subdue.
 He, tho' by mighty *Aristotle* taught,
 Without my Aid, the World had never got.
 But as I some Men do to Glory raise,
 So others likewise I as much debase.
 I'm always busy marching to and fro,
 Dwelt once above the Clouds; but now below.
 I visit ev'ry Country, ev'ry Town,
 And oft invisibly pass up and down.
 I'm Parent of a num'rous Offspring too;
 But they're so ugly and so vile a Crew,
 I shall not name them, but leave that to you.
 I'll only add, my Devotees still find,
 I'm of a Temper rigid and unkind,
 And make two-thirds of all that serve me, blind;
 And when for me they've Life and Fame,
 My boasted Favours vanish like a Dream.
 Thus much, you see, I freely have confess'd;
 And think, you now with Ease, may guess the rest.

RIDDLE L.

WHAT is that Syren, whose enchanting
Song

Draws the unthinking Multitude along?

That feeds, with faithless Hopes and luring Bait,

The poor deluded Wretch she means to cheat?

Men call her false, inconstant, cruel, vain;

Yet seek her Favours with unweary'd Pain.

Th'Unhappy bear her Frowns, still led away

With Expectation of a better Day.

Th'Ambitious court her Smiles; only the Wife

Do her and all her gilded Pomp despise,

Her fairy Kingdom, her fantastic Good;

Remote, a'luring; Nothing, nearer view'd.

RIDDLE LI.

OBVIOUS to all, I sport on ev'ry Plain,

Tasteless of Joy, insensible of Pain;

My wond'rous Stature oftentimes is seen

To cover Lands, and reach from Green to Green;

All other Creatures from their Birth enlarge,

And grow till Nature's finished her Charge;

But I, 'tis strange, from my Conception waste,

Till Life's half done, and half my Days are past;

Then

Then from my Noon, as others from their Morn,
 I grow again untill I reach my Urn.
 No Particles my wond'rous Form compose,
 Yet 'tis from Substance that my Birth arose:
 No Intellectuals can my Being own,
 Yet do by Instinct move and go alone.
 Amphibious is my Nature; oft I play,
 And mock the sporting Fishes in the Sea;
 With op'ning Dogs the circling Chace renew,
 Fly with the Hare, and with the Hounds pursue.
 Yet *Sol* ne'er saw me in his bright Array,
 Nor Silver *Luna* from her azure Way,
 Tho' you behold me twenty times a Day.
 From Light I fly, as from a deadly Foe,
 Yet can the Darkness no Existence show.

RIDDLE LII.

ALL-ruling Tyrant of the Earth,
 To vilest Slaves I owe my Birth.
 How is the greatest Monarch blest,
 When in my gaudy Liv'ry drest!
 No haughty Nymph has Pow'r to run
 From me; or my Embraces shun.
 Stabb'd to the Heart, condemn'd to Flame,
 My Constancy is still the same.

The fav'rite Messenger of *Jove*,
 And *Lemnian* God consulting strove,
 To make me glorious to the Sight
 Of Mortals, and the Gods Delight.
 Soon would their Altars Flame expire,
 If I refus'd to lend them Fire.

RIDDLE LIII.

DRAW up the Curtain ; let the Ladies see
 A Sight well worth their Curiosity ;
 No Monster fierce, no strange outlandish Creature,
 But yet a very Paradox in Nature.

Odd is my Shape ; and first my Head appears
 Without a Mouth, or Eyes, or Nose, or Ears.
 A Body you will own I never had,
 Altho' with Cloaths I constantly am clad ;
 Both Sexes join in me, a wond'rous Sight !
 You'd almost swear, I were *Hermaphrodite* ;
 Had not the many Brats begat on me,
 Proclaim'd unto the World the contrary.
 Guard me, ye Maids ! for Men will play the Fool ;
 And I'm, alas ! a soft and easy Tool.
 I can't say nay ; and yet if I'm disgrac'd,
 The Crime is your's, for while you're pure, I'm
 chaste ;
 But if (which Heav'n forbid) you prove with Child,
 Then I am stain'd, polluted and defil'd.

Wed

Wed then, and to your Husbands constant be,
 You'll then be honour'd, and you'll honour me,
 And when you take for better and for worse,
 The first great Blessing, and the first great Curse,
 You'll find in me, (but ah, I speak too plain)
 The sweetest Pleasure, and the greatest Pain.

RIDDLE LIV.

WITH so much Art my tender Parts are }
 wrought, }
 That e'er my Frame was to Perfection brought, }
 I try'd the nicest Hand and deepest Thought. }
 But see what Fury reigns in human Breasts!
 How soon by Men are virtuous Things oppress'd?
 I'm soon confin'd within a narrow Space;
 Where I have only Room to shew my Face;
 There like a branded Villain must appear,
 And large black Letters on my Visage wear.
 A heavy Load my new form'd Limbs sustain,
 And bear the girding Thong, or cruel Chain.
 As sharpest Trials truest Virtue show,
 By this Oppression I more useful grow.
 To ease me of the Burthen I sustain,
 I labour hard, nor shou'd I strive in vain,
 But Men undo what I with Pains have done,
 And make my Task like *Sisyphus's* Stone.

But yet some signal Favours I enjoy:
 My frequent Repetitions never cloy;
 I twice a Day repeat the self-same Thing,
 Yet do, each Moment, fresh Advices bring;
 Make, what you've heard a thousand times, amuse,
 And still the same dull Story goes for News.

Tho' hard I labour, yet my Hands move slow;
 And tho' I never stir my Feet, I go.
 Men, to my Reck'ning Things of Moment trust;
 And tho' I ne'er told twenty, I can boast
 No Banker ever kept Accounts more just.
 Of what they spend, I always give the Sum,
 But never tell them how much more's to come.

RIDDLE LV.

THO' I, alas! a Pris'ner be,
 My Trade is, Pris'ners to set free.
 No Slave his Lord's Commands obeys,
 With such insinuating Ways.
 My Genius piercing, sharp, and bright,
 Wherein the Men of Wit delight.
 The Clergy keep me for their Ease,
 And turn and wind me as they please.
 A new and wond'rous Art I show
 Of raising Spirits from below;

In Scarlet some, and some in White :

They rise, walk round, yet never fright,

In at each Mouth the Spirits pass,

Distinctly seen as through a Glass :

O'er Head and Body make a Rout,

And drive at last all Secrets out :

And still, the more I show my Art,

The more they open ev'ry Heart.

A greater Chymist none, than I,

Who from Materials hard and dry,

Have taught Men to extract with Skill,

More precious Juice than from a Still.

Altho' I'm often out of Case,

I'm not afraid to show my Face.

Tho' at the Tables of the Great,

I near the Side-board take my Seat ;

Yet, the plain Squire, when Dinner's done,

Is never pleas'd till I make one :

He kindly bids me near him stand ;

And often takes me by the Hand.

I twice a Day a hunting go ;

Nor ever fail to seize my Foe ;

And when I have him by the Pole,

I drag him upwards from his Hole.

Tho' some are of so stubborn Kind,

I'm forc'd to leave a Limb behind.

I hourly wait some fatal End ;

For, I can break, but scorn to bend.

RIDDLE LVI.

NOTHING was e'er so wretched sure
as me,

So much despis'd, yet of so high Degree!
My ancient great Beginning few can tell,
I did in Paradise with *Adam* dwell;
And bore him Company before he fell.
But ah! my still to be lamented Case,
Oblig'd I was to quit that happy Place;
Banish'd by him I lov'd, and headlong hurl'd,
To seek my Fortune in a desert World:
Where but with sad Encouragement I met,
And now in *England* scarce Esteem can get.
Born to defend, and to protect, yet I
(My Worth not known) am doom'd to Slavery.
Not but that, tho' eclips'd and hid from Light,
Yet still I reign, and in myself am bright.
The virtuous Fair I richlier do adorn,
Than bright *Aurora* does the radiant Morn.
Nor is that all, the Charmer need not fear,
Th' Approach of Ill while I, her Guard, am near.
I've told you what my Pow'r and Worth can do,
But to declare my Name belongs to you.

R I D-

RIDDLE LVII.

WHEN from prolific Nature's Bosom rose,
The various Beings which the whole com-
pose,

I follow'd soon; a Bliss each Being shares;
Prop of their Life, and Solace of their Cares.

So great's my Power, so wide m' imperial Sway,
That all Things breathing do my Power obey.

Depriv'd of me, Man's Life a Burden proves,
Nor can he ought enjoy of all he loves:

'Midst Plenty's Store, and Grandeur's ample Field,
Invok'd to give the Ease they cannot yield;

And when my friendly Help I do deny,

~~The Mind is sunk in Pain and deep Anxiety.~~

Some Acts I do you'd almost think a Joke;

Now fright, then please, and now to Love provoke.

Like a sly Thief, who to his Plunder steals,

I've laid *Eugene* on his Back, and tripp'd up *Mar-*
bro's Heels.

A while I silence *Marianne's* Song,

And stop the Musick of *Utrechia's* Tongue;

Bid *Blowza* cease to charm: And have the lovely
three

In pleasing Chains fast held, and sweet Captivity.

Exert my Force o'er the whole rhyming Band,

And shake o'er *Grub-street* Bards my magick Wand.

The

The Muses Chiefs no less for mine I claim,
 And the same Tribute from the Sons of Fame.
 In antient Times I *Homer* had at Will,
 Bear the same Rule o'er *Young* and *Thompson* still.
 And yet this Power despotick as I have,
 Like that of Heaven, is only us'd to save.
 Many th' rich Blessings from above design'd,
 To succour daily, and relieve Mankind.
 My Comfort's such, that Saints in me are blest'd,
 And on my Lap emphatically rest.

Ye Fair, whose every Grace I daily warm,
 Each Feature gild, and brighten every Charm;
 Try to resolve what I with Art conceal;
 And to the list'ning Swains my Name reveal.

RIDDLE LVIII.

Walking alone, and near th' Approach of
 Night,
 Where verdant Beauties entertain'd my Sight,
 And Clouds aloft with golden Edgings bound,
 And Linnets fill'd the Woods with tuneful Sound;
 A Monster strange did Fancy there present,
 A brainless Tool, yet truly eloquent;
 Yea, *Mercury* himself she may defy
 For Languages, in such Variety.

At

At Church, at Mass, at Courts, at Balls, at Plays,
 This Emissary lurks to steal their Phrase,
 And what she hears she does relate always.
 (Perhaps you'll think she's deaf, but I aver,
 She's got more Ears than Months i' th' Kalendar)
 Yet condescending is this *Proteus*,
 Where Cannons War she's all magnanimous;
 When sweet *Lucinda* sings, reviv'd is she,
 And joins the Consort in a matchless Key;
 When with the Learn'd, her Elocution flows
 Soft as the Fleeces of descending Snows;
 In Grief she kindly bears an equal Share,
 When with deep Sighs we mourn the absent Fair.
 But ah! base Jilt, sometimes she will depose
 Uncertainties, of which she nothing knows;
 And, to be short, if once you aggravate
 She'll never leave, but still sustain Debate,
 Not to be conquer'd by a *Billingsgate*;
 Yet gives Consent to all you say or do:
 O! wond'rous strange! but yet as really true.
 She roves around the Globe with every Blast,
 And past its Dissolution she will last.

RIDDLE LIX.

LONG Time I labour'd ('tis well known to all)
 With what the Doctors an *Ascites* call;
 My

My bloated Belly swell'd to that Degree,
 'Twas judg'd expedient that I tapp'd should be.
 And tho' no perfect Cure for my Disease,
 This never fail'd to give me present Ease.
 The gathering Water oft' renew'd my Pain,
 Yet still the Pipe discharg'd them all again.

In this alternate State of Health was I,
 'Till my Distemper to a Tympany
 At length was turn'd. And now the rumbling
 Wind,

Which by no Means a natural Vent can find,
 Threat'ned a Rupture; wherefore all around
 With a convenient Bandage I was bound.

'Twas then my utmost Misery took Place,
 (Sure Mortal never was in such a Case!)
 My Shape was made the Pastime of the Town,
 And I became the Sport of every Clown:
 Us'd like a Dog; at Strife they seem'd to be,
 Who should discharge the most Contempt on me:
 Whilst I not one poor Moment's Ease cou'd
 know,

For never-ceasing Tossings to and fro.
 In no Place cou'd I rest, no Posture lie,
 My Life was one continued Agony;
 With grievous Pangs I dearly bought my Death,
 And in a Groan spent my departing Breath.

RIDDLE LX.

MY Stature, tho' of monstrous Size,
Has something to attract the Eyes;

A Party-colour'd Garb I wear,

Tho, *Indian* like, I all the Year

The most Part naked do appear.

With Pleasure all behold my Motion;

But of its Cause few have a Notion.

Once, what if odd, methinks you'll say,

A Suppliant to me would pray,

To me would offer up his Complaint,

And call me oft' his Guardian Saint,

But I, relentless to his Cry,

Soon made the cringing Zealot fly.

The kindest Nurse in me you'll find

To Man, as well as Woman-kind.

But what is strange, tho' true, you'll see,

I feed the Man who first feeds me.

A Genius good and bad, they say,

Attends on Man by Night and Day;

So I, unseen by mortal Eyes,

Have one to whom I owe my Rise:

Without him useless I should be,

And sink into Non-Entity.

Now, Ladies, 'tis for you to shew,

My Name, since I resemble you;

H

For

For when by Whim and Fancy led,
You then have got me in your Head.

RIDDLE LXI.

BEFORE th' eternal Mind, who dwells on
high,
Hung up the spangled Curtains of the Sky,
With wond'rous Skill Earth's firm Foundations
laid,
Or scoop'd the watry Deeps capacious Bed;
Before their tow'ring Heads the Mountains rear'd,
Or shady Woods and open Lawns appear'd;
'Ere bubbling Springs or Fountains had begun,
Thro' painted Meads, in crystal Streams to run;
'Ere chearful Verdure cloath'd the naked Field,
Or barren Vales did blooming Odours yield;
I then with uncreated Splendor shone,
And spread my Beams around th' Almighty's
Throne;
Joyous before the sov'reign Prescience play'd,
Who with Delight immense my heavenly Form
survey'd!
And when this Universe with perfect Art
He rais'd, and cast in Order every Part;
The Spheres that roll their steady Course above,
Prepar'd, and taught the Planets where to move;
When Laws he to the swelling Ocean gave,
And bound in Ropes of Sand the raging Wave:

To

To wand'ring Clouds their airy Flight assign'd,
And whence to blow inform'd the sweepy Wind:
I then supreme did o'er the whole preside,
And in his awful Work the sacred Founder guide.

Whate'er of good or excellent is found,
Within the Compass of this spacious Round,
Compar'd with me, they no Regard can claim;
With me compar'd can scarce deserve a Name.
Not half so beauteous is the dawning Light;
Not half so fair the Stars that gild the Night.
In vain the Gems of *Ophir's* favour'd Coast,
Their dazled Lustre in my Presence boast:
Gay Orient Pearls and Gold in vain display,
Their vanquish'd Glories in my brighter Day:
Before me brilliant Di'monds dimly shine,
And blushing Rubies own my Worth divine.

Artists by me their subtle Works devise:
'Tis I with Counsel sage instruct the Wife:
'Tis I who teach the Princes to command
By wholesome Laws, and guide the scepter'd Hand.

RIDDLE LXII.

The Gulph of all human Possessions.

COME hither and behold the Fruits,
Vain Man, of all thy vain Pursuits.

Take wise Advice and look behind,
Bring all past Actions to thy Mind.
Here you may see, as in a Glass,
How soon all human Pleasures pass.
How will it mortify thy Pride,
To turn the true impartial Side !
How will your Eyes contain their Tears,
When all the sad Reverse appears !

This Cave within its Womb confines
The last Result of all Designs :
Here lie deposited the Spoils
Of busy Mortals endless Toils :
Here, with an easy Search we find
The foul Corruptions of Mankind.
The wretched Purchase here behold
Of Traytors who their Country sold.

This Gulph insatiable imbibes
The Lawyer's Fees, the Statesman's Bribes.
Here, in their proper Shape and Mein,
Fraud, Perjury, and Guilt are seen.

Necessity, the Tyrant's Law,
All humane Race must hither draw :
All prompted by the same Desire,
The vig'rous Youth, and aged Sire :
Behold, the Coward, and the Brave,
The haughty Prince, the humble Slave,
Physician, Lawyer, and Divine,
All make Oblations at this Shrine.

Some

Some enter boldly, some by Stealth,
And leave behind their fruitless Wealth.
For while the bashful Sylvan Maid,
As half ashamed, and half afraid,
Approaching, finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt so near her Heart;
The courtly Dame, unmoved by Fear,
Profusely pours her Off'rings here.

A Treasure here of Learning lurks,
Huge Heaps of never-dying Works;
Labours of many an antient Sage,
And Millions of the present Age.

In at this Gulph all Off'rings pass,
And lie an undistinguish'd Mass.
Deucalion, to restore Mankind
Was bid to throw the Stones behind;
So, those who here their Gifts convey,
Are forc'd to look another Way;
For few, a chosen few, must know,
The Mysteries that lie below.

Sad Charnel-house! a dismal Dome,
For which all Mortals leave their Home;
The Young, the Beautiful, and Brave,
Here bury'd in one common Grave;
Where each Supply of Dead renews
Unwholesome Damps, offensive Dews:
And lo! the Writing on the Walls
Points out where each new Victim falls;

The Food of Worms, and Beasts obscene,
Who round the Vault luxuriant reign.

See where those mangled Corpses lie,
Condemn'd by Female Hands to die;
A comely Dame once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless Night;
By cruel Hands her Blood was spilt,
And yet her Wealth was all her Guilt.

And here six Virgins in a Tomb,
All beauteous Offspring of one Womb,
Oft in the Train of *Venus* seen,
As fair and lovely as their Queen:
In Royal Garments each was drest,
Each with a Gold and Purple Vest;
I saw them of their Garments stript,
Their Throats were cut, their Bellies ript,
Twice were they bury'd, twice were born,
Twice from their Sepulchres were torn;
But, now dismember'd here are cast,
And find a resting Place at last.

Here, oft the curious Trav'ler finds
The Combat of opposing Winds:
And seeks to learn the secret Cause,
Which alien seems from Nature's Laws;
Why at this Cave's tremendous Mouth,
He feels at once both North and South:
Whether the Winds in Caverns pent,
Through Clefs oppugnant force a Vent;

Or,

Or, whether, op'ning all his Stores,
Fierce *Æolus* in Tempest roars.

Yet from this mangled Mass of Things,
In Time a new Creation springs.
These crude Materials once shall rise,
To fill the Earth, and Air, and Skies :
In various Forms appear agen
Of Vegetables, Brutes, and Men.
So *Jove* pronounc'd among the Gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

RIDDLE LXIII.

S EARCH all the Chronicles of bearded Time
Inquisitive from the primævous Birth
Of *Homer's* Song, in Vellum Sheets express'd,
Or latter Brood of Topographick Stamp ;
Tho' you a num'rous Store of Painters meet,
Of Land egregious, yet there stands not one
With me in Competition, nor presumes
Audacious, to excel my matchless Art ;
Parrhasus, mighty Artist, dares not vie,
In Imitation of my livelier Draughts,
Nor hang his Curtain in the Ken of mine.
The Purple Grapes that with illusive Blush
Invited *Zeuxean* Birds to vain Attempt
Ridiculous, by my superiour Skill

Are

Are truer painted, painted in a Trice;
 Yet know not how the *Arabian Gum*
 Aqueous, may be dissolv'd, nor in what Form
 Cerusa differs from Vermilion Dyes.
 But what is stranger, in a Moment's Time
 Or less, if Time admits a less Division,
 I finish human Bulk, or Bird, or Tree,
 Or Chair, or Fire, or Dice, or waving Fan,
 In native Shape or equal Magnitude,
 Unparallel'd: From these two obvious Hints
 My Name vernaculous, ye Gueffers say.

RIDDLE LXIV.

LADIES,

SAY, by what charming Turn of Mind,
 Of late you've been to me so kind;
 Say, Ladies, what could you excite,
 In me to take so much Delight,
 That seem'd by Nature first design'd
 To help the Impotent and Blind!
 The Fop's Concomitant I'm chose,
 To guard him wheresoe'er he goes;
 Tho' I, like him, in Wisdom's Stead,
 Have Front of Brass, and Beams of Lead.
 The simple Peasant I protect,
 And in a Trice his Foes correct.

When

When *Sylvia* walks to take the Air,
My Business is to go with her;
In diff'rent Faces I appear,
A Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear.
An human Form I oft' assume,
In wither'd Age, or Youth of Bloom.
In short, would you my Virtues trace,
In sacred Writ I've gain'd a Place
With *Israel's* Champion, there you'll view,
When he the great *Goliath* slew,
Me, with th' undaunted Hero stand;
Obedient to his strict Command.
But hold——shou'd I at length repeat
Each Virtue, each peculiar Feat
Recorded in the Lists of Fame,
You then too soon would know my Name.

RIDDLE LXV.

Louisa to Strephon.

AH *Strephon*, how can you despise,
Her, who, without thy Pity, dies?
To *Strephon* I have still been true,
And of as noble Blood as you;
Fair Issue of the genial Bed,
A Virgin in thy Bosom bred;

Embrac'd

Embrac'd thee closer than a Wife;
When thee I leave, I leave my Life.
Why should my Shepherd take amiss
That oft' I wake thee with a Kiss?
Yet you of every Kiss complain;
Ah, is not Love a pleasing Pain?
A Pain, which every happy Night
You cure with Ease and with Delight;
With Pleasure, as the Poet sings,
Too great for Mortals less than Kings.

Chloe, when on thy Breast I lye,
Observes me with revengeful Eye:
If *Chloe* o'er thy Heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her desp'rate Nails;
And with relentless Hands destroy
The tender Pledges of our Joy.
Nor have I bred a spurious Race;
They all were born from thy Embrace.

Consider, *Strephon*, what you do;
For should I die for Love of you,
I'll haunt thy Dreams, a bloodless Ghost;
And all my Kin, a numerous Host,
Who down direct our Lineage bring
From Victors o'er the *Memphian* King,
Renown'd in Sieges and Campaigns;
Who never fled the bloody Plains;
Who in tempestuous Seas can sport,
And scorn the Pleasures of a Court;

From

From whom great *Sylla* found his Doom ;
 Who scourg'd to Death that Scourge of *Rome*,
 Shall on thee take a Vengeance dire ;
 Thou, like *Alcides*, shalt expire,
 When his envenom'd Shirt he wore,
 And Skin and Flesh in Pieces tore.
 Nor less that Shirt, my Rival's Gift,
 Cut from the Piece that made her Shift,
 Shall in thy dearest Blood be dy'd,
 And make thee tear thy tainted Hyde.

RIDDLE LXVI.

NOR Form nor Substance does my Being share,
 I'm neither Fire nor Water, Earth nor Air ;
 From Motion's Force alone my Birth derive,
 I ne'er can die, for I was ne'er alive :
 And yet with such extensive Empire reign,
 That very few escape my magick Chain.
 Nor Time nor Place my wild Excursions bound,
 I break all Order, Nature's Laws confound ;
 Raise Schemes without Contrivance or Design,
 And make apparent Contradictions join :
 Transfer the *Thames* where *Ganges*' Waters roll,
 Unite th'Equator to the Frozen Pole ;
 Midst *Zembla*'s Ice bid blushing Rubies glow,
 And *British* Harvests bloom in *Scythian* Snow ;
 Cause

Cause trembling Flocks to skim the raging Main,
And scaly Fishes graze the verdant Plain;
Make Light descend, and heavy Bodies rise,
Stars sink to Earth, and Earth ascend the Skies.
If Nature lie deform'd in wintry Frost,
And all the Beauties of the Spring be lost,
Rais'd by my Pow'r new Verdure decks the Ground,
And smiling Flow'rs diffuse their Sweets around.
The sleeping Dead I summon from the Tomb,
And oft anticipate the Living's Doom;
Convey Offenders to the fatal Tree,
When Law or Stratagem have set them free.
I view each Country of the spacious Earth,
Nay visit Realms that never yet had Birth,
Can trace the pathless Regions of the Air,
And fly with Ease beyond the starry Sphere;
So swift my Operations, in an Hour
I can destroy a Town, or build a Tow'r.
Play Tricks would puzzle all the Search of Wit,
And show whole Volumes that were never writ.
In sure Records my mystick Pow'rs confess,
Who rack'd with Cares a haughty Tyrant's Breast,
Charg'd in prophetick Emblems to relate
Approaching Wrath, and his peculiar Fate.
Oft to the Good by Heav'n in Mercy sent,
I've arm'd their Thoughts against some dire Event;
As oft in Chains presumptuous Villains bind,
And haunt with restless Fears the guilty Mind.

R I D-

RIDDLE LXVII.

WORK'D into Shape by skilful Art,
 Mindless of ought besides,
 Grateful I act my destin'd Part,
 As my Dictator guides.
 Strange Composition, wond'rous Frame,
 Aukward in ev'ry Feature;
 I challenge all the World to name
 A more deformed Creature.
 Sometimes in native Dress I'm seen,
 In many a Peasant's Cot;
 When Nature wears a Look serene,
 And Gloom surrounds the Grot.
 When *Phæbus* tips with Gold the Skies,
 I've seldom much to do;
 But when his beamy Splendor dies,
 My Labours strait ensue.
 The Man's esteem'd a busy Fool,
 (This my Director knows)
 Who makes me break the gen'ral Rule.
 The Day's for my Repose.
 Sometimes in glitt'ring Coat array'd,
 I grace the Lady's Table;
 To act without assisting Aid,
 I'm utterly unable.

I

Strange!

Strange ! I possess two monstrous Eyes,
Each void of human Sight ;
Fix'd on my small supporting Thighs,
And open to the Light.
A Head of monstrous Size I wear,
A Mouth almost as large,
Opes and imbogues Provision there,
Which soon demands Discharge.
Far on my Front appears my Nose,
Slender and sharp at Top ;
Not *Shipton*-like, my Patron knows,
To need a chinny Prop.
Black as the Shades of Night my Food,
By Night my chief Employ ;
Strange Incoherence ! understood
The Spring of lightsome Joy.
Clammy and hot my Food I take,
Yet for no selfish Cause ;
And when my Agent bids, I shake
It from my opening Jaws.
Head, Mouth, and Nose, but ne'er a Tongue,
(Believe the wond'rous Scene)
At Distance from my Eyes are hung,
With only Thighs between.
Hideous Composure, call'd a Pair,
Yet in my Frame but one ;
Ye wond'ring Nymphs and Swains declare
My Name, as yet unknown.

RID-

RIDDLE LXVIII.

YE Furies, curs'd Inhabitants of Hell,
 Where endless Fears, Remorse, and Sor-
 rows dwell,
 My frightful Form, and shameful Actions tell.
 That wond'ring Mortals may my Name explore,
 And drive the subtle Viper from the Door.

Erynnis thus began with Accents wild;

- “ Love is thy Parent, but Revenge thy Child;
- “ *Medusa's* Hair hangs hissing down thy Head,
- “ And Eyes and Ears all round thy Body spread;
- “ Thy Bones stand staring thro' thy Parchment Skin,
- “ And thousand Vultures tear thy Lungs within:
- “ At thy Right Hand sit Madness and Despair,
- “ Thy Left grasps all the frightful Forms of Care.
- “ Oh shocking Sight! yet shocking as you be,
- “ There's Thousands entertain and welcome thee.
- “ In *Spain* and *Italy* thou'rt most in Fashion.
- “ Tho' much carefs'd by almost every Nation.
- “ Maids, Husbands, Widows, Batchelors, and Wives,
- “ At thy Approach curse their unhappy Lives.
- “ Urg'd on by thee, *Herod* the Children slew,
- “ And envious *Saul* the pointed Jav'lin threw.
- “ Unlimited's thy Power, thy boundless Sway
- “ Scepters and Crossiers, Swords and Crooks obey.

" What's worfe, wherever you Poffeffion take,
 " No magick Power can exorcife the Snake:
 " No Herb, no Balm, nor all *Apollo's* Art;
 " Death, only Death, can cure the raging Smart."

This faid, in livid Flames the Fiend withdrew;
 I paus'd a-while, and foon the Monster knew;
 Which, friendly, here I now expose to you.

RIDDLE LXIX.

LADIES,

AS by th' unerring Laws of Nature
 The Silk-worm (self-destroying Creature)
 Consumes her Bowels to array
 The Rich and Great, Polite, and Gay;
 So I, by various Rules of Art,
 T'improve your Charms spin out my Heart.

For great Celerity I'm noted,
 And by th' inspir'd Penman quoted;
 Swift as an Arrow from a Bow,
 Is my wing'd Motion, to and fro;
 Tho', at the Pleasure of my Mafter,
 'Tis fometimes flow, fometimes fafter.

I'm of a diff'rent Shape and Size;
 Have neither Head, nor Tail, nor Eyes;
 Yet all m' exterior Parts agree
 In perfect Similarity.

The

The Lives of Thousands I sustain,
And cloath the naked, helpless Train;
To all my Services extend,
And each Degree of Life befriend.
In sacred Writ my Name appears
An Emblem of Man's fleeting Years.

RIDDLE LXX.

UNSEEN by mortal Eyes I roll
M' extensive Course from Pole to Pole,
Do wond'rous Feats by Sea and Land;
Obsequious to divine Command.

In Prison I am oft' confin'd,
By artful Projects of Mankind;
Yet, maugre all their sublime Skill,
I'm acted by th'eternal Will.

Depriv'd of my propitious Aid,
The blooming rosy Cheeks soon fade;
Convulsions seize the heaving Breast.
Thus far my Nature I've exprest:
I'll only add (t' enhance the Fame
Of 'my renown'd, tremendous Name)
No Power, but what vouchsaf'd me Birth,
Can e'er expel me from the Earth.

RIDDLE LXXI.

LET arbitrary Princes boast no more
 Their haughty Schemes of independant Pow'r;
 Nor propagate (to keep Mankind at Distance)
 The slavish Principles of Non-resistance;
 Since I possess a more despotick Sway,
 And absolute Command, by far, than they.
 No Laws, Injunctions, nor Restraints I know,
 But such as from myself spontaneous flow.
 How oft' have I in mazy Fetters bound
 Th' intrepid Sons of War, with Vict'ry crown'd?
 What potent Heroes, valiant in the Field,
 Have I led captive, and oblig'd to yield?
 Altho' I have no formidable Name,
 An universal Deference I claim:
 The greatest Potentates my Pow'r revere,
 And Men of all Degrees my Livery wear;
 Yet no constrain'd Obedience I exact;
 'Tis every Man's own voluntary Act.
 Oft' I occasion Quarrels and Disputes,
 Intestine Jars, and Law contending Suits.
 Reason, with all her mild Persuasions can
 Avail but little, when I've laid the Plan.
 In publick Life my Influence is such,
 Men hardly can be guided by't too much:
 Yet I'm too often the unhappy Rise
 Of many unforeseen Calamities.

I'll only add (t'exemplify my Birth,
And clear my fully'd Fame) I'm of celestial Birth.

RIDDLE LXXII.

SO capricious am I, that if Monarchs shou'd offer
Their Kingdoms, I scarce would accept of
their Proffer;

Since no Land in the World I ever could find,
That suited exactly the Turn of my Mind:
Yet guiltless I often am plac'd under Ground,
But return from my Prison both healthy and sound.
At Dinner I'm often receiv'd by the Great,
When I go on Command, but as quickly retreat;
For no Art they can use will oblige me to stay,
And I always contrive to slip softly away.

On the Tops of high Trees I sometimes reside,
Where I tremble, tho' fear not, and sparkle beside.
I'm often in Rivers; but this I must say,
I seldom adventure to sail on the Sea.

The Stars are my Friends; but as for the Sun,
With Precipitation his Ardor I shun.

I'm fear'd by the Antient, but lov'd by the Boy,
Who rides on my Back, and beholds me with Joy.

RIDDLE LXXIII.

WHEN first created Sol's reviving Light
Shot thro' the Chaos of eternal Night,

And

And when his genial Beams were downward hurl'd
From Heav'n benign, to warm the Infant World,
To chase with glowing Rays the Mist away,
Gladden the Earth, and blaze the first-born Day ;
On that great Hour did I descend to Earth,
From Parent *Sol*, the Author of my Birth ;
From thence existing to the present Time,
I traverse ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Clime ;
Deck'd in the Beggar's Rags, or Monarch's Robe,
I pass each Province of the spacious Globe ;
All Forms, all Shapes, promiscuously wear,
Sometimes a Man, sometimes a Beast appear ;
Sometimes like Things inanimate am seen,
And look a stately Poplar on the Green.
To me the languid Lover oft' repairs,
For I assuage his Pains and lull his Cares.
Tho' neither Form nor Substance can I claim,
Yet Form and Substance seem to be my Frame.
Each Morn a sure Attendant I arise,
When Father *Phæbus* gilds the Eastern Skies.
All Day on Earth in ev'ry Shape I tread,
But disappear when he descends to Bed ;
Then, when the Moon assumes her silver Reign,
A constant Vigil I arise again ;
When oft' the pallid Villain I affright,
Intent on Murder at the Noon of Night,
Whose guilty Conscience often I dismay,
Haunting, with silent Steps, his bloody Way.

And

And often too, in wond'rous Strides I seem
To stalk upon the Surface of a Stream ;
Thus safe thro' watry Elements I 'scape,
Whereas on Earth I'm seen in ev'ry Shape :
I'm something, nothing, ev'ry Thing together,
And always seen, except in cloudy Weather.

RIDDLE LXXIV.

LADIES, I'm often under Hedges seen,
Near the Bank-side I often lay,
Oft' near your Walks, or near a Style,
But oft'ner in the publick Way.

Strange is my Fate! Forlorn I seem,
Unvisited in Wintry Weather ;
But when bright *Phæbus* burns the Plains,
Thousands dance round me altogether :

Yet still I like my Winter's Life,
Less damag'd when alone I lay :
I'm kiss'd, 'tis true, all Summer Time,
But kiss'd and sipt, 'till sipt away.

There's not a Creature wings the Air,
That swims the Sea, or moves on Earth ;
Kings, Princes, Dukes, the meanest Slaves,
Women and Fools, but give me Birth.

Sometimes,

Sometimes, when born, I cause no Pain,
Sometimes distort the sweetest Faces :
Its seldom I confine the Fair,
Or lessen their distinguish'd Graces.

The Dame at Fourscore bears me well ;
No Male's concern'd in my Production :
Sometimes I'm still-born, oft'ner not :
The Hind's enrich'd by my Destruction.

What tho' my Parents diff'rent are,
Some mean and low, some high and great ;
Like are my Features, like my Form ;
I'm not improv'd by Wealth or State.

My Shape is conical, sometimes
Cylindrical, or somewhat broader ;
Sometimes all Surface I appear,
But then my Parent's out of Order.

The Rich and Great, for selfish Ends,
Build stately Receptacles for me ;
The Peasant drops me in a Hole :
Yet Rich and Poor alike abhor me.

Of me you may read oft in *Martial* ;
I much assist the witty Joker :
Yet out of every Room I'm thrust,
With Brush and Shovel, Tongs and Poker.

The Artift forms me of foft Wax,
To raife in Company loud Laughter ;
Dropt near a Chair, *Tim* burfts his Sides,
And *Chloe* fcarce can hold her Water.

I pay no Clerks, yet wond'rous ftrange !
Of Offices I have great Plenty,
Well flock'd with Papers of all Sorts ;
You'll find my Warehouse feldom empty.

Hither fair *Chloe* oft' reforts,
Not hinder'd by the fouleft Weather ;
If feen, the blufhing Nymph returns,
Stoops, and picks up a Straw or Feather.

Old *Galen* handled me with Glee,
Sanctorius weigh'd me very nicely ;
And if Philofophers fay true,
Sage *Helmont* knew my Worth precifely.

Now Ladies, if by all thefe Marks
You find it difficult to tell me,
Truft to your ——— : Now I've done ;
For furely you begin to fmell me.

R I D D L E LXXV.

I Challenge Nature's Treasure to produce
One Thing of fuch an univerfal Ufe,
That

That scarce in Substance does exceed a Worm,
 Yet can the best and greatest Acts perform;
 On whom the Affairs of Kingdoms do depend;
 For thro' the World my Virtues do extend.

I'm Author of a small yet num'rous Race,
 Of diff'rent Forms from mine, in equal Space
 Keeping according to their Age their Place.
 For my First-born at their full Growth arrive,
 (To which they almost in one Moment thrive)
 Before their Younger Brothers can begin to live.
 From which Time all in one Communion stay,
 (Perhaps the Years of old *Meibaselah*)
 'Till they by some schismatick Villany
 Must sep'rate, or alike, as Martyrs, die.

But what my Nature and my Skill commends,
 I have all Learning at my Fingers Ends.
 Off Hand I treat of deep Theology,
 Grammar, and Logick, and Chronology;
 All Kinds of Learning from my Mouth I spit,
 In Verse and Prose too, without studying it.
 Without my Aid Men can no farther go,
 Than what they by their own Experience know.

RIDDLE LXXVI.

THOU Kings and Princes my Acquaintance be,
 To Beggars I dispense my Company.

In

In diff'rent Shapes, and diff'rent Postures drest.
 I'm a beloved and a hated Guest.
 Sometimes (I'm such a strange preposterous Thing)
 I sooth a Beggar and insult a King.
 In me a thousand Contradictions lie,
 I'm too too often dead, yet never die.
 'Tis I that chiefly grieve and chiefly please,
 Create the greatest Anguish, and the greatest Ease;
 I'm mild and calm, yet rough and stormy too,
 A Bosom Friend, and yet an Inmate Foe.
 Unseen, I all Things see, and 'tis in me,
 (Tho' I'm no Glas) that they themselves do see.
 There's none but God himself, knows more of Man
 Than I.—Now solve this Riddle if you can.

RIDDLE LXXVII.

TO all your fair Females, who sometimes
 partake
 The choicest of Junkets with *Brawn*, or *Pontac*,
 Who know what is usual in each Bill of Fare,
 From snug *Tete a Tete*, to a Feast with Lord-
 Mayor;
 Come, guess, if you can, at a Dish that was sent
 To some Dames at the *Bath*, to their special
 Content;

K

Be

Be it known to you, *Puddings*, like each mortal
thing,

Are inclin'd to return to the Place whence they
spring.

But this, by the By, the *Pudding* was such,
They thought it impossible to have too much.

And as some People talk of the Pine-Apple's
Flavour,

That all Tastes you think of, or ask for you have
there,

So these Ladies assert, that this delicate Dish
Gives a Smatch of each Pleasure a Woman can
wish :

And agreed with one Voice, 'twas most special
good Stuff,

That tho' it was Bellyful, 'twas not enough.
No Stomach, they said, was so weak or so strong,
No Appetite could be so old or so young,
But ten times a Day, and ten times a Night,
They may relish a Slice on't, with utmost Delight.
To hear with such Praises its Goodness unfolded,
Be sure set the Hearers agog to behold it.

Each thought it was what they ne'er knew to
their Fill ;

Some guess'd it was Counters, or Cards for Qua-
drille ;

Others said it was Tea, and others a Dram ;
And others were sure that it must be a Flam.
Observing, with *Solomon*, no human Joy,
But too often repeated, will certainly cloy.

The

The Girls grinn'd, and titter'd, and whisp'ring
gues's'd

What the *Pudding* must be that made such a Feast ;
While the Prudes held their Hands up, and look'd
as amaz'd,

To hear People talk thus, and thought they were
craz'd :

Crying, Ladies, for Shame, let us find other Chat ;
If a Stranger should hear us, he'd think God
knows what.

The Dames laugh'd aloud, at such a Surmise,
And went on with the Joak to encrease the Sur-
prize ;

Asserting, full roundly, they need not be squea-
mish,

For a Saint might take Part on't without any
Blemish.

'Twas the Hope of the Maids, and the Widow's
sole Comfort,

And modest Wives never do look but at home
for't :

That in ev'ry Climate, and Country, and Nation,
It had been, and still is, and will be the Fashion,
Except in a Convent, 'mongst Cloysters and Fools,
Bound by barb'rous Vows to unnatural Rules :

Nay, so strongly each Sex are inclin'd to partake
on't,

That they're perjur'd sometimes, e'en for the
mere Sake on't.

And if you can't guess it, we'll tell you my Dears;
But least you should blush for't—A Word in your
Ears,

'Tis—but take special Care how you use it;
It loses all Virtue whene'er you abuse it;
Like all other *Puddings*, the Merit commending,
The Proof of its Goodness lies most in the *Spending*.

RIDDLE LXXVIII.

FETCH'D with much Labour from my Na-
tive Home,

Around this lower Globe of Earth I roam.

Pale as the Moon tho' my Complexion be,

The Brightest Beauties do fall down to me.

The *Oriental* Monarchs do me Grace,

And Characters Divine print on my Face.

'The Princes of *Great Britain* and of *France*,

Give me a Copy of their Countenance.

The *Dutch Myn-Heer*, who loves me not the least,
Instead of that, doth fix on me a *Beast*.

RIDDLE LXXIX.

I Challenge Nature from her Store or Magazine
to show

One thing that doth by its great Age, or Use,
the stronger grow,

Or

Or any thing but what proceeds forth from its
 Mother Earth,
 Or else begotten is by two, and brought unto the
 Birth.
 Yet I by Years my Strength increase, and Use
 doth not impair,
 But as the Number doth amount, so I the stronger
 wear.
 And as all Creatures in their Kind, 'twixt two be-
 gotten be,
 I so far differ from them all, 'tis Thousands that
 got me..

RIDDLE LXXX.

HE who begot me, did conceive me too;
 Within one Month to a Man's Height I
 grew:

And should I to an hundred Years remain,
 I to my Stature not one Inch should gain.
 Numbers of Brethren I have here on Earth;
 And all like me of this surprizing Birth.
 Some curious Garments do their Limbs adorn,
 And some as naked are as they were born,
 Yet both alike are cold, alike are warm,
 Some want an Eye, and others have no Feet,
 Some have no Arms, others no Legs; and yet
 Most Men esteem them equally with me,
 Tho' I in all my Limbs unblemish'd be.

To sum up all as briefly as I can,
I am Man's *Offspring* tho' I'm not a *Man*.

RIDDLE LXXXI.

A Thing more strange all Men will say,
No Mortal ever knew,
A Thing of so great Use as I,
Yet less than Nothing too.

Yet at my Name some break their Hearts,
And others do run mad,
I'm worse to some than fi'ry Darts,
While others I make glad.

In seeking what I am, no doubt,
You'll often hear me nam'd,
And if you chance to find me out,
You're worthy to be fam'd.

I frequent am in most Discourse,
In Truth and Falshood too,
In Work and Play, both Night and Day,
But chiefly when Men woo.

Now seek and find me if you can,
Explain my Name and what I am.

RIDDLE LXXXII.

WHEN first I in this Stage of Life appear,
 I Tidings to th' expecting World declare :
 A noted Prophet to the Earth I come,
 And to remotest Kingdoms swiftly roam ;
 Admiring Mortals crowd to see my Face,
 While dark Events I show to human Race.
 Now I'm belov'd by all, by all carest,
 And go to ev'ry House, a welcome Guest.
 Where my rich Robes the Eyes of all invite,
 Scarlet and Black wrought on a Ground of White ;
 But see the sad Reverse of prosp'rous Fate !
 What dire Disgrace does on my Glories wait !
 When thus awhile, esteem'd and lov'd, I've reign'd,
 A deadly Foe I find in ev'ry Friend.
 My gay Attire by barb'rous Hands is torn,
 And, to a Proverb, I'm expos'd to Scorn.
 With restless Hatred they pursue my Life,
 And often make me feel the fatal Knife ;
 Sometimes the Flames I try, or faithless Wave,
 Or in the Privy find a sordid Grave.

RIDDLE LXXXIII.

IM doom'd to lie 'till certain Times
 Appointed do expire,
 To cleanse away my Earthly Crimes,
 In Purgatory Fire.

And

And by this new regen'rate Birth,
 My Nature I improve ;
 Then straight ascend, and leave the Earth,
 To chant in Choirs above.

I'm known to dance when Men rejoyce,
 And mourn their Misery,
 For at their Deaths, with doleful Voice,
 I sing their Elegy.

It is my Fortune soon or late,
 (Which first displays my Fame)
 To end my Days in *Haman's* Fate. ———
 Whence you may learn my Name.

RIDDLE LXXXIV.

Nothing I am, nor real Being have (gave ;
 But what quick Thought and la'bring Fancy
 And yet 'tis plain I mighty Deeds have done ;
 Do measure Things past, present, and to come..
 Deep Projects which, at first, in secret lye,
 Are brought to Light by my All-seeing Eye :
 Nothing is free from my consuming Power,
 The Wise, the Brave, alike I all devour.
 Those Monuments of which the Ancients boast ;
 Wasted by me, are in their Ruins lost.
 No Permanence I have, my Parts slide on,
 As one Wave straight succeeds another gone.

Thus

Thus with swift Pace my constant Course I run,
In equal Motion as I first begun.

RIDDLE LXXXV.

I'M an odd Kind of Monster, and of a strange
Shape,
That the finest of Limners can't perfectly ape.
Tho' my Colour by most is allow'd to be Yellow,
Yet I make those that keep me look whiter than
Tallow.

On their Vitals I constantly prey Night and Day,
And with fretting and vexing I wear them away.
I make 'em still seek with a diligent Eye,
To find out the Thing they're unwilling to spy;
For when they have found it, it makes 'em look sad,
Nay a hundred to one but it makes 'em half mad.
And whoso'er keeps me is highly to blame:
And now, if you can, pray discover my Name.

RIDDLE LXXXVI.

Sure I'm the veriest *Proteus* e'er was seen,
Sometimes I'm red, then black, then white,
then green;
I change my Face an hundred Times a Day,
And in one Shape oft not a Minute stay:
Some-

Sometimes I seem a Doctor, or Physician,
 A Pettyfogger, Lawyer, Politician,
 Sometimes a King, a Prince, a Duke, a Peer,
 A Trooper, Footman, or a Charioteer ;
 A Beggar, Madman, Fool, a Chair, a Door,
 And now a Queen, and now a common Whore.
 All Sexes, Ages, all Degrees I seem,
 Yet in all Shapes I bear my common Name,
 For King, or Beggar, I am still the same. }
 Nay, with a Face, can change Religion too ;
 Sometimes a *Christian*, then a *Turk*, or *Jew*.
 But then, when all Religious Men are gone,
 And by myself am left, Religion I have none :
 Sometimes a Dog, a Boar, a Horse I seem,
 A standing Water, or a running Stream :
 Sometimes I seem all of a burning Fire,
 Untouch'd, unhurt, unburnt, I'm still entire.
 Tho' into ev'ry Shape I seem to turn,
 And nought comes near me but I take its Form,
 Yet strange it is (and yet with Truth I sing)
 I'm still the self-same individual Thing.

 R I D D L E LXXXVII.

BOLD as a Champion I my Force maintain,
 And trample down whole Numbers of the
 Slain.

No Feet I boast, but Teeth that manage all,
 And make submit from greater to the small :

Sublime's

Sublime's the Place where I engage my Foes ;
On topmost Hills, no Bounds my Conquest knows.
Egg'd on by Honour, I the Passage clear,
And against Squadrons open War declare.
When by Success the Vict'ry I have won,
I to the Place from whence I came return.

R I D D L E LXXXVIII.

IN Ancient Times, when that the World was
young,
And Nature, now decay'd with Age, was strong,
When the *Athenian* Eye her *Greece* survey'd,
And martial *Rome* her val'rous Acts display'd ;
With Rev'rence in my Temples Mortals trod,
For I was then esteem'd and own'd a God.
To me they sacred Hymns, with joyful Tongue
Requesting my Assistance, gladly sung.
Tho' Christian Ages, better taught than those,
A single Object for their Worship chose :
Yet still *they* pay Devoirs before my Shrine,
And own my sacred Force, and Pow'r divine.

I'll now descend, and tell from whence I came,
Whereby th' Ingenious soon may guess my Name.
High-born, from Heav'n my Origin I brought,
And ever since have Love and Union taught :
In Paradise were my Indentures made,
And am a Master-Joyner by my Trade.

Few

Few are the Nations, (if there any be)
 But what employ and find out Work for me :
 What I perform, sometimes may long remain ;
 But it is often quickly broke again.
 I rarely make a Joynt that will endure
 Above the Term of Fifty Years secure :
 Tho' either Sex are fond my Skill to know,
 They often Curse my Name for what I do :
 But all in vain ; nor I, nor they, can break
 The strong and certain Clofures that I make.

RIDDLE LXXXIX.

Some Senfes I have, if me you'll believe,
 As for Hearing indeed I have none,
 And all Students in Nature agree in this Matter,
 I'm surely as blind as a Stone.

This also I tell, that I have no Smell,
 Yet a Taffe to me none muſt deny,
 For I well can diſtinguiſh 'twixt freſh and ſalt
 reliſh ;

One's Food, give me t'other I die.

Indeed and good Truth, I have never a Mouth
 To take in my Nouriſhment by ;
 Yet good Liquor I love, becauſe I do prove
 Good for nothing whene're I'm a dry.

Without

of RIDDLES. 109

Without Legs or Wings, or any such Things,
From this Place to that I advance ;
But to move or lie still, I am quite without Will,
For when either does happen, 'tis Chance.

Very much to my Cost, I'm beloved by most,
For that does occasion my Ruin ;
From my Foes I am free, and shou'd ever safe be,
Were my Friends not the Cause of m'undoing.

E'en Ladies with Glee, me naked do see,
To kiss me all over they strive ;
And 'tis always observ'd, that I'm kill'd when so
Yet they value me most when alive. (serv'd,
Pray which of the Creatures with all these odd Fea-
Good Ladies, d'ye think me to be ? (tures,
'Tis plain when alive, that I sensibly thrive,
Yet my Death you contentedly see.

R I D D L E X C.

TIS doubted whence I sprung, yet most agree,
The rich *Arabian* Soil gave Birth to me ;
I to the Ancients wholly was unknown,
But am thro' *Europe* now familiar grown :
Nor *Jews*, nor learned *Greeks* of me cou'd boast,
For I was unconceiv'd when *Troy* was lost.
Deform'd in Shape (if crooked Shapes be so)
Of various Stature thro' the World I go ;

L

My

My Make in ev'ry Place is much the same,
 But have in diff'rent Tongues a diff'rent Name.
 Nay, strange to tell! a many Names I had
 Before my Being visible was made;
 Those of my Species ar'n't confin'd to be
 Exactly of a Bulk and Size with me:
 Some full proportion'd mount up two Feet high,
 When fifty more may ride upon a Fly:
 I am but one, and yet so strange my Pow'r,
 That always, I've supply'd the Place of more.
 Eight are my Brethren, but as Fate had past
 Her strong Decree, my Lot's assign'd the last;
 Howe'er in this my Loss was made up well,
 Because in Pow'r I all the rest excell.
 But I'll no further now myself explain,
 Least you with too much Ease my Name obtain.

RIDDLE XCI.

IF any under the Almighty be
 A King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, 'tis me.
 Princes that Kingdoms and whole Empires sway,
 Tis by my Leave they reign one fleeting Day;
 The Potent *Alexander*, what was he?
 But a meer Cypher, if compar'd with me.
 He's call'd a Conq'ror of the World, I own,
 But I'm more truly so, it is well known:

No

of RIDDLES. III

No Castles, Forts, strong Walls, nor Locks nor
Keys,

Can bar my Way from passing where I please:

Rambling about I call at ev'ry Door,

Making no Diff'rence 'twixt the Rich and Poor.

I made stern *Hector* tremble at my Sight;

I conquer all, none dares with me to fight,

The World I sway, and none contests my Right.

Thus far I like a cruel Tyrant seem,

Yet there are some that do me much esteem;

Some run to meet me, some force me to do

What others fear, whether I will or no.

ADread to Rogues, but am the just Man's Hope:

I've fainted more than ever did the Pope.

A better Doctor never was, 'tis sure,

For whoso'er I take in hand I cure;

Alike, unprejudic'd, to Rich and Poor,

When the Physicians have quite giv'n 'em o'er:

But what's more strange and wond'rous to relate, is,

I ne'er perform a Cure, but do it gratis.

I turn the Wheel of Fortune; of their Store

I dispossess the Rich, relieve the Poor,

And often cause the Wealthy to have more.

At once I visit *England*, *France* and *Spain*;

At once in twenty diff'rent Places reign.

Thus am I King, Physician, and in brief,

A cruel Tyrant, Murderer and Thief.

RIDDLE XCII.

When *Sol* thro' *Aries* drives his brilliant *Car*,
 And hostile Bosoms kindle for the War;
 Then softer Souls the sweeter Pleasures rove,
 And melt in Raptures with *Idalian* Love;
 When blooming Nature to the Eye displays
 Its pleasing Pride a thousand wanton Ways;
 When longing Mortals with Impatience wait
 For my Approach, which is as sure as Fate.
 You'll ask, from whence this Expectation springs?
 Or what the Blessings, that my Presence brings?
 'Tis this—when I appear, they boldly lye,
 And cheat each other with Impunity;
 Practice strange Frauds, and what you'll scarce
 believe,
 They're thought the brightest Men who most de-
 ceive.

Lo here a hapless Wretch! with uplift Eyes,
 Thanks his kind Stars, and grasps a tempting Prize;
 But oh! what Changes on our Fortunes wait!
 What sudden Scenes in Life's fallacious State!
 Deluded Fool! the Bait which look'd so fair,
 Now turns to Filth, or fleets away like Air.
 Then straight a lurking Crew themselves disclose,
 Mock at his Shame, and triumph at his Woes.

But lest I seem of the fictitious Kind,
 Or Virtue, Vice, or Passion of the Mind,

Know,

Know, I'm the eldest of a num'rous Race ;
 And by my Birthright claim the leading Place :
 My younger Brethren in a train, like Geese, -
 Pursue, but keep unequal Distances :
 And only one can at a Time be seen,
 Such an imperious Curtains drawn between.
 Alike we are in Shape, alike in Name,
 Yet no illustrious Arts my *Brethren* claim ;
 But Passion rules with such imperious Pow'r,
 We oft change Countenance ten times an Hour.
 Sometimes a glitt'ring Face with Charms appears,
 Sometimes a low'ring Brow, bedew'd with Tears.
 From Night as from an Enemy I run ;
 And tho' I'm seen by all, I'm felt by none.

RIDDLE XCIII.

When silent Night with Sable did invest
 Our Hemisphere, and Mortals were at
 Rest ;
 With anxious Thoughts, to Bed I took my Way,
 Tir'd with the Noise and Hurries of the Day :
 Reflecting on my dear *Eliza's* Scorn,
 Which thus has made me wretched and forlorn.
 Tumbling I lay, expecting Sleep in vain ;
 Tumult'ous Thoughts did so disturb my Brain ;
 My parched Bones at last did find some Ease,
 And Slumber on my heavy Eyes, did seize :

Morpheus no sooner had compos'd my Rest,
 And laid the Perturbation of my Breast;
 But he a Vision brought before my Eyes,
 Which did my tim'rous Fancy much surprize.

Four Spectres straight before me did appear,
 Despairing Love, Rage, Jealousy and Fear;
 Their dismal Aspect shew'd me who they were.
 Despairing Love with Tears bedew'd the Ground,
 And cruel Rage did its own Works confound;
 And meagre Jealousy did ghastly stare;
 And Fear look'd wilder than the tim'rous Hare;
 But in an Instant, to my great Delight,
 The Scene did change and there appear'd in Sight
 A beauteous Lady most transcendent Gay;
 At which the Spectres dwindle'd quite away.
 Then did she speak with a majestick Air,
 "What Mortal's this, lies grov'ling in Despair,
 "And here, regardless of my winning Charms,
 "Supinely lies with cold distorted Arms;
 "As tho' it were not in my Pow'r to please,
 "Or to thy Love-sick Passion give thee Ease?
 Then did I take her to my throbbing Breast,
 Thinking myself of Heaven straight possess'd;
 In the Enjoyment took I such Delight,
 I could have wish'd for an eternal Night.
 But lest that she again from me should fly,
 I ask'd her Name, to which she made Reply,
 "I am that great *Panpharmakon*, which cures
 "All Passions of the Mind that Man endures:

"To

" To pining Lovers I straightway give Ease;
 " *Zoilus* and *Momus* I can soon appease,
 " And jealous *Juno* I can pacify,
 " And make her live with *Jove* in Unity.
 " To Wretches poor, whose Wants scarce let's
 'em live;
 " The Philosophick Stone I them can give.
 " And greedy *Midas*, who for Gold doth cry,
 " By Transmutation I can satisfy,
 " And in Contempt of Fortune's giddy Wheel,
 " I arm poor Mortals they no Crosses feel.
 Thus she her self explain'd in various Ways,
 Whilst I in Transports did set forth her Praise;
 In Love's sweet Raptures did we spend the Night,
 Our Love repeating still with new Delight;
 Till bright *Aurora* blush'd to see me there,
 Then I arose, quite cur'd of my Despair.

R I D D L E X C I V.

I HAVE not to boast of much Humour or Wit;
 The Thing that I'm priz'd for, is mostly a *Slit*.
 I'm black at the Bottom; but if you look higher,
 I'm as *white* and as *smooth* as a *Man* can desire.
 To the Lovers soft Passion I often give Ease,
 Who wriggle me up and down just as they please.

By

By turns I every *Man's* Humour can suit,
The *King, Lords and Commons, and Bishops* to
boot,

Who *finger* me stoutly whene'er they come
to it.

At first tho' perhaps for One's Use I was made ;
Yet if more should try me they'd find me no Jade.
I cut a great Figure throughout the whole Nation,
And give all your Hearts in their turns Palpitation.

RIDDLE XCV.

Ladies, to you I must address my Tale.
My Suff'rings may on your soft Sex prevail ;
T'extend some Pity, or at least t'expound,
What 'tis in all this giddy spacious Round ;
Which lies obscure, for Years, in Nature's Womb,
And, if unsearch'd for, makes the same its Tomb.
The Sons of Men, thro' Avarice misled,
Tear me unformed from my Mother's Bed ;
And as their wanton Fancies each inspire,
Form me for Use, or bury me in *Fire*.
No cunning Lawyers, no superior Court,
Whose vending Profligates for Cash resort.
Can bind so strong, or with such Durance tye,
E'en Strength and Might itself so firm as I.
In Churches, Palaces, in Cott's and Cells,
In Parlours, Kitchens, Chimnies, Sinks and Wells,
In

In ev'ry House am I, on ev'ry Coast,
Nay in each Libel on old *Pasquin's* Post.

In short, 'twas I did more for *Israel's* Sons,
Than all their mighty Army join'd had done :
In Combination link'd with Female Art,
I slew their Terror ;—bid their Hosts depart,
This Holy Writ records—but to be fair,
Look round about you wherefo'ere you are,
And if you see me not—believe me Just,
I'll guard your Bones (when dead) 'till they are
Dust.

RIDDLE XCVI.

A Noble Creature, when created I,
And splendid shone in bright Refulgency ;
(If you'll some Authors credit) not confin'd
To Earth alone ; in th'Air my Glory shin'd :
On radiant Pinions I with Ease cou'd fly,
And soar aloft within the Azure Sky ;
But I this Glory did not long enjoy,
For one foul Crime my Grandeur did destroy ;
For which I soon was brought to great Disgrace,
And now alas ! what Creature is more base ?
Tho' first I in such splendid Glory shin'd,
My Aspect now is odious to Mankind ;
The Earth my Habitation, nor can fly
In open Air as in my Infancy ;

But

But sculk in Holes and Caverns of the Earth,
 From whence (tho' noble then) I took my Birth;
 But yet I'm in a manner innocent
 O'th' Crime for which I have this Punishment,
 For I was not the Cause, but Instrument.

I dread Man's Prefence, Man dreads mine as
 much,

Th'Antipathy 'twixt Man and I is such,
 You'd almost swear that I a *Lexus* were
 But if disrob'd and naked he appear,
 More dreadful seems, increasing more my Fear.

There's ne'er a Battle 'twixt my Foe and me,
 But unawares I kill, or killed be ;
 Mortal my Wounds : But tho' I Vict'ry gain,
 I ever after must disarm'd remain.

RIDDLE XCVII.

FROM dirty Form, and filthy Dress set free,
 I now enjoy a pleasing Liberty :
 From Spots refin'd, and every Blemish clear,
 Ladies, like you I'm innocent and fair.
 I, *Quaker*-like, am neat and plainly drest,
 Yet oft in me the beauish Fop's exprest.
 Sometimes in Black my mournful Body's bound,
 With costly Gold sometimes I'm edg'd around.

No monstrous Form, no horrid Shape I bear,
 Unarm'd I go, yet oft when I appear,
 The stoutest Souls are seiz'd with panick Fear.
 Th' insolvent Debtor often I surprize,
 Nor mind the Wife's Complaint, or Childrens Cries.
 With unrelenting Force I seize the Prey,
 And to a Goal the lawful Prize convey.
 To Vagrants, Whores, and such like paltry Stuff,
 To pilfering Knaves & Rogues I'm always rough,
 But unprovok'd I'm peaceable enough.
 The jarring Feuds of Friends I oft compose,
 And settle Peace between the greatest Foes.
 Love is my natural Product; I inspire,
 An amorous Warmth, and kindle mutual Fire.
 Like wide-mouth'd Fame, thro' distant Realms
 I fly,

Sometimes I tell the Truth, and sometimes lye.

All this I do, but still my chieftest Care,
 Is to oblige and please the Charming Fair.
 Ladies, on you submissive I attend,
 Your faithful Servant and your Bosom Friend.
 In Bulk I'm small, of all your Slaves the least;
 Yet trusted most, and still esteem'd the best.
 Let servile Fools at humble Distance stand,
 My Office is to wait at your Right-Hand.
 There I attend from ever Drudg'ry free,
 And ev'n my Mistress often stoops to me.

Whilst

Whilst Fortune smiles and crowns me with Success,
 I'm honour'd with each Female's fond Caress.
 But if she frown, and I successless prove,
 At once I lose both their Respect and Love.
 Then all the Marks of Female Rage I bear,
 My tender Sides they mangle, bruise, and tear,
 And cast my scatter'd Limbs to rot i'th' open Air. }
 Ye cruel Dames, your utmost Efforts try,
 To name the Thing you deal so coarsely by.

RIDDLE XCVIII.

YE doughty Physicians attend to my Lure,
 For I am grown famous for many a Cure,
 And in Reason and Justice deserve more Regard,
 Than the greatest Performance of *Taylor* or *Ward*.
 I'm as old a Prescription as any on Earth,
 And *Solomon* often does speak of my Worth.
 And still I continue with the greatest Success,
 If with Skill and Discretion I'm us'd, you'll confess,
 I'm known for dispelling the Fumes in the Head,
 For correcting the Humours, and sweet'ning the
 Blood;
 For refining the Intellects; clearing the Brain;
 With a long Roll of Maladies all in a Train.
 I'm an excellent Cure, and a Remedy try'd;
 But observe, I must always be outward apply'd.

I some-

I sometimes by Sweating my Virtues impart,
But Bleeding's the Top and the Chief of my Art.
Nay once on a Time, I have bled a great Prince,
And he, I much thank him, has remember'd me
since.

I cou'd name you a Doctor—in Peace may he rest,
Stands famous on Record, for Service confest ;
Who by my Assistance, more Good did I know,
Than all the Physicians for Ages ago :
Whose Skill in his Art was never disputed,
And neither a Quack nor an Upstart reputed.

There are Constitutions and Tempers I own,
That are to be modell'd or mended by none.
Those soon I give over ; because 'tis in vain
To strive, where the Cure will not answer the Pain.
But to make all your Labours to prosper and thrive,
Apply me betimes, is the Caution I give ;
And then, in all Likelihood, you'll find some Relief,
Against the most stubborn and obstinate Grief.

RIDDLE XCIX.

WE have long been employ'd, and rich Fa-
vours enjoy'd,
Of Titles, Atchievements, and Honours ;
Tho' what Time we began, no Heralds explain,
Or who the first generous Donors.

M

Some

Some in Gold are dress'd fine, some in Adamant
Some are arm'd with a Brass Constitution; (shine,
Some in Silver or Steel sit enshrin'd, and ne'er feel
Thro' Ages the least Diminution.
Yet our Size is so small, you may venture to call
The whole Race *Lilliputians* by Nature:
But what is more strange, the Creation we range,
And challenge the Form of each Creature.
Now a Lamb we appear, now a Wolf, or a Bear;
Now a Vulture, a Hawk, or a Dove:
Not irrational Things, but Gods, Heroes and Kings,
A *Cæsar*, a *George*, or a *Jove*.
Much Time, Skill and Care, makes us what we are;
But our Sons, with incredible Quickness,
In a Moment aspire to the Bulk of their Sire,
And father themselves by their Likeness.
With a Touch they rise forth, strait mature from
And appear, in an Instant, on Duty; (their Birth,
As *Minerva* (they feign) did from *Jupiter's* Brain,
Or from *Ocean* the Goddess of Beauty.
These, a numerous Store, serve the Rich & the Poor,
And maintain the just Rights of Mankind;
Add a Sanction to Law, to keep Subjects in Awe,
And their Tyrants in Fetters confin'd.
But we ought not to boast, when for us, to our Cost,
We're afraid a worse Fortune remains:
For, if Truth must be own'd, many Thousands are
Of our Worthies still hanging in Chains. (sound,

RIDDLE C.

I Owe my Being (like to Worms that breed
In Herbs) to Coleworts, Pease, or Burdock Seeds;
To Apples, or perhaps rich *Indian* Spice,
Or twenty other Things of lesser Price.
'Mongst these I claim a Father, if I've any,
But as for Mothers, I can boast of many.
In Embryo, a longer Space remain,
Than is the longest Life I can attain.
No comely Shape my Body doth adorn,
For Fairy-like invisibly I'm born;
Like them, in Musick, greatly I delight,
Like them, am but a Goblin, or a Spright.
And yet a Body, such as 'tis, I have,
But such, as after Death, needs not a Grave.
After a short, but merry Life, I die,
And after Death, soon stink and putrify.

Now tho' my Crimes are few, and those but
small,
I'm laugh'd at, and cry'd Shame upon by all.
My Parents too, as if they ne'er had known me,
In public Company do oft disown me:
And tho' I never spoke an obscene Thing,
I've made a Lady blush to hear me sing.
Yet, tho' by all, I'm treated with Disdain,
When sick, I often ease 'em of their Pain.

RIDDLE CI.

WHEN good old *Saturn* sway'd the Realms
of Day,

And num'rous Blessings did to Earth convey ;
In flow'ry Fields I dwelt, and Meadows green,
Doubled each Beauty and improv'd the Scene ;
While Spring maintain'd a never ending Round,
And Nymphs with Innocence and Beauty crown'd,
My Help implor'd to ease their am'rous Care,
And the lov'd Youth in pleasing Toils ensnare.
Sometimes I punish'd Scorn and cold Disdain,
Or sooth'd with friendly Art the Lover's Pain.
But when with impious Hand rebellious *Jove*,
Expell'd his Father from the Throne above ;
By rural Nymphs unfought, unknown to Fame,
To Court I went, and took a diff'rent Name :
My Credit soon encreas'd in ev'ry Place,
Nor did the *Gods* deny my Form to grace ;
For all my mystic Pow'r to me is giv'n
By *Hermes*, feign'd the Messenger of Heav'n.
I'm frail by Nature, and of humble Race,
Yet spotless Charms adorn my lovely Face ;
And often naked, or but meanly dress'd,
Tho' sometimes glitt'ring in a golden Vest :
To me the Ladies pay the warmest Zeal,
Who tell their Beauties, or their Faults reveal ;

To

To me in ev'ry Exigence repair,
The faithful Counsel of the modish Fair:
In short, to all, my friendly Aid I lend,
The Beau's Companion and the Lady's Friend.

RIDDLE CII.

BEFORE great Nature spread the Seas,
Or fashion'd the terrestrial Ball,
I fill'd the vast Extent of Space,
And reign'd unrivall'd over all.
An upstart, proud, malicious Foe,
Often entrenches on my Power,
And then the Caves and Cells below,
Alone my dreaded Life secure.
But when a Friend of mine succeeds,
I throw my Mantle round the Globe;
And starving Slaves, with mitr'd Heads,
Refresh themselves beneath my Robe.
I've neither Legs, nor Hands, nor Head,
Nor no destructive Weapons wear,
And yet the Hero shakes with Dread,
And quits the Field when I appear.
I'm neither Matter, Mind, or Thought,
(As all that know me must confess)
And yet a Nation and a Court
Have felt me for their Wickedness.

'Tis I that lib'ral, kind and free,
 Drefs ev'ry Slave on *Guinea's* Shore,
 And he is not oblig'd to me,
 For one poor Rag of Cov'ring more.
 Now search and try if you can find,
 What I in mystic Lines conceal ;
 But first remove me from your Mind,
 Or you my Name will ne'er reveal.

RIDDLE CIII.

YE learned Fair, whose prying Fancies see
 Through Veil of Ænigmatic Mystery,
 Who in an Hour can easily reveal,
 What costs us more than twenty to conceal ;
 Say what I am, who's ev'ry Female's Care,
 A daily, sure Attendant on the Fair.
 Not that I want Male Friends ; the Fop, the Beau,
 The Wise and Grave, me constant Friendship show.
 Sometimes from distant foreign Realms I come,
 But *England* make my Residence and Home ;
 Here the fair Nymphs with each becoming Grace,
 And studied Art, my pleasing Form embrace.
 Oh ! what wou'd Lovers give, cou'd they com-
 mand,
 So warm a Pleasure from the Fair one's Hand.
 My Taste is foreign—for to speak the Truth,
 No *English* Food e'er comes within my Mouth.

With

With far-fetch'd Dainties I regale the Fair,
 And most I please them when my Food is dear.
 A num'rous Offspring fall unto my Share,
 But unlike me, as ever Children were.
 'Tis hard to find a Dozen Brats with Food ;
 But harder still to drain their Mother's Blood.
 I'll add but one Thing more, and then, no doubt,
 Each lively Lads will quickly find me out :
 Let half a Dozen Ladies meet, and me,
 'Tis ten to one, but presently you see.

RIDDLE CIV.

THO' I never was born, yet came I by
 smocking,
 And like all Mankind, was engendred by Knocking.
 I'm the Emblem of Chastity, yet in all Nations,
 I'm sometimes employ'd to promote Fornications.
 The Nuns of *New Rome*, as the Vestals of old,
 (Tho' Snow is not whiter than me to behold)
 As a Proof of that Capitol's great Diffolution,
 Lend their Hands, without Shame, to procure
 my Pollution.
 But with Fingers alone I can't be contented ;
 An Instrument longer by Nature's invented,
 Which opens at one End and's frizzled at t'other ;
 With Matter and Motion oft makes me a Mother.

For

For when thus compress'd, I'm sure to be pregnant,

And my Offspring exceeds that of *Muly*; * late Regnant.

All Places alike I've explor'd ; and have been
At once in a Bog-house and Hands of a Queen.

I visit Folks often when least they're expecting ;
E'en since you've been reading these Lines, and reflecting

What a strange Thing I am, I've encreas'd your
Vexation,

And perplex'd, by my Presence, your deep Contemplation.

RIDDLE CV.

FROM a well manur'd Earth, I challenge
my Birth,

From a well harden'd Metal my Form ;
I'm a right welcome Guest at full many a Feast,
But seldom am good but when warm.

Being born to be burnt, I never can mourn't,
Nor ever repine at my Fate ;
Since the worse I am us'd, and the more I'm abus'd,
The more Riches accrue to the State.

Some

* *Muly Moloch*, Emperor of *Morocco*, who is said to have sixty-five Children.

Some People I please, some People I ease,
And others again I torment;
Some Disorders I cure, and some I procure,
To those who to conquer me meant.

Your Thirst I encrease, your Hunger appease,
To the Weary'd, Refreshment afford;
My Friends and my Foes, I take by the Nose,
From the Footman quite up to his Lord.

Of Lawyers, Physicians, and grave Politicians,
The Thoughts I am wont to compose;
Befriend Contemplation, wet the Wits of the Na-
When o'er me they fuddle their Nose. (tion

To the Virtues I mention, it was my Intention
To have added a great many more;
But to take but this one, and then I'll have done,
I'm a Salve for almost any Sore.

RIDDLE CVI.

WHAT's that in which good Housewives
take Delight?

Which tho' it has no Legs, will stand upright!
'Tis often us'd, both Sexes must agree,
Beneath the Navel, yet above the Knee.
At th'End it has a Hole; 'tis stiff and strong,
Thick as a Maiden's Wrist and pretty long.

T.

To a soft Place 'tis very oft apply'd,
 And makes the Thing 'tis us'd to, still more wide;
 The Women love to wriggle it to and fro,
 That what lies under may the wider grow.
 By giddy Sluts sometimes it is abus'd,
 But by good Housewives rubb'd before 'tis us'd,
 That it may fitter for their Purpose be,
 When they to occupy the same are free.
 Now tell me, merry Ladies, if you can,
 What this must be, that is no Part of Man.

RIDDLE CVII.

FROM Heav'n at first with *Lucifer* I fell,
 But left him in his Passage down to Hell;
 Man entertain'd and lodg'd me in his Breast,
 And none without me can have Ease or Rest.
 I am the Staff of Age, the sick Man's Health,
 The Pris'ner's Freedom, and the poor Man's
 Wealth;

And tho' some call me false, and others vain,
 I lead the Way to what all seek to gain:
 No Man without me wou'd a Mistress court,
 Nor cross the Seas unto a Foreign Port:
 I've told you what I am, and whence I came,
 Now tell me, if you can, what is my Name.

RIDDLE CVIII.

K NOWN, and so obvious to the lit'ral Race
 Of prying Men, and the more curious Sex
 Ycleped Fair, to paint my Properties
 In Colours enigmatic, and not show
 My Name's an arduous Task: But then, O Muse!
 Whom feeble Bards invoke, with graceful Aid
 Advance the Work propitious, and suggest
 Redundant Phrase, and sounding Pomp of Words,
 Most splendidly nigrescent; that at once
 (Like *Philomel*, that in some tufted Bush
 Obscurely chants the Pleasures of the Night,
 And warbling, fills the Grove with secret Song)
 I may allure with Numbers tuneful set,
 And darkling sing unseen: A Twelvemonth's time,
 From my first Peep of Being, doth produce
 My greatest Strength; but I am ne'er endu'd
 With the kind vital Flame; a fertile she
 May give me Birth, but oft a gen'rous Male
 Bears my encreasing Bulk; when born I act
 Wonders amazing; for, sometimes, I give
 Laughing Diversion to a Circling Club
 Inopinate: Sometimes, in Speech severe,
 I scatter Terror through the trembling World.
 Dread Messenger of multifarious Woe!
 'Tis I that send the anxious Lover Pain,
 Or cool his Breast with *Chloe's* calmer Thoughts
 Relenting:

Relenting: Mighty Kings have often made
 My Company a Solace to their Cares;
 Grave Judges, learn'd Physicians, great Divines,
 Chuse me their Friend, who consecrate their Names
 To long succeeding Years, of hoary Time
 Indelible: And from my fatal Mouth,
 Eftsoons, proceed the Sentences of Death
 To distant Criminals; but lest I shou'd
 Garr'lous discover, what I strive to hide,
 I'll here no more unfold, but leave the rest
 To fair Diviners, and the pretty Skill
 Of Riddling Wits, who doubtless will unfold
 My Phrase ambiguous, and shew my Name.

RIDDLE CIX.

BRED in the Womb of Mother Earth,
 Unseen by mortal Eyes,
 'Till Nature ripens to the Birth,
 And then I upwards rise.

I take a Run on Earth below,
 Can stand yet have no Feet,
 I take a Round, yet cannot go,
 And then I mount my Height.

When tow'ring aloft, I fly,
 And beat the gentle Air,
 Protected from th'inclement Sky,
 Yet all its Storms can bear.

When

When Mortals are involv'd in Ills,
 I sing with mournful Voice,
 If Mirth their Hearts with Gladness fills,
 I celebrate their Joys.

I, like the glorious Sun above,
 Who rounds the Globe with Light,
 In Motion circular do move:
 Have Beams tho' not so bright.

I headstrong and unruly grow,
 If left unto my Will,
 Which always proves my Overthrow,
 And, sometimes, others kill.

I, like the Moon in clouded Air,
 Around i'th' Dark do range,
 Like her, my Movement's regular,
 Like her, am giv'n to change.

And, as the Lark, with warbling Throat,
 Ascends upon the Wing,
 So I lift up my chearful Note,
 And as I mount, I sing.

RIDDLE CX.

WHILE Nature form'd me, one whole
 Month I lay
 Stupid and senseless as a Lump of Clay.
 N But

But as *Pigmalion's* Image, which ('tis said)
 Of a dead Statue grew a living Maid;
 Just so, my Limbs endu'd with vital Heat,
 Took Motion, and my Pulse began to beat.
 But oh, my hapless Lot! by adverse Fate
 Condemn'd to a perpetual captive State.
 In such a narrow Dungeon was I pent,
 So strict and rigid my Imprisonment,
 That in my Lodging-Room, cou'd not be found
 Where I cou'd stand upright, or turn me round.
 Taken at last from thence, when weak and faint,
 A larger Prison sweetn'd my Restraint.
 When now in Robes of various Colours dress'd,
 I'm ev'ry Day well fed, and much caress'd:
 Yet still confin'd; I round my Prison walk,
 And thro' my Grate to Passengers I talk.
 What Language 'tis I speak, I cannot tell,
 But those which hear me, understand it well.

RIDDLE CXI.

I Liv'd before the Flood, yet still am young,
 I speak all Languages, yet have no Tongue.
 In Desarts was I bred; I know no Schools,
 Nor ever understood the Grammar Rules;
 Yet when the courtly Gallant talks with me,
 I've as polite a Dialect as he.

I sympathize with all in Joy or Pain,
 Laugh with the Merry, with the Sad complain;
 By Nature taught such an obliging Way,
 That if you hold Discourse with me all Day,
 I never can dissent from what you say.
 I'm with you in the Woods, and on the Plain,
 Yet all the while invifible remain.
 I'm now in *France*, in *Spain*, in *England* too;
 Next Moment I'm in *China* or *Peru*.
 Yet Legs to walk with, Nature did deny,
 Nor have I Fins to swim, or Wings to fly.
 Tho' Thousands do, I ne'er fhall, die of Age,
 'Till the laft Conflagration clears the Stage.

R I D D L E CXII.

LET it be fo, e'en the Creator fpoke;
 Whence Sun, Moon, Stars, Earth, Sea,
 their Beings took:
 I did exift, and have Exiftence ftill,
 And on this wretched Globe fhall live, untill
 The laft tremendous Trumpet fhall be blown,
 To fummon all before the heavenly Throne.
 In Heav'n I was, when th'Angels did rebel,
 I egg'd them on, and caus'd their Doom to Hell.
 In *Eden* I, when *Abel* there was flain,
 Urg'd to that horrid Fact accursed *Cain*.

I ever since on Earth like Crimes commit ;
 Where *Adam's* Race do all to me submit.
 I Business have with all, by all am us'd ;
 By some caref's'd, by others am accus'd.
 Vast Empires, haughty States endure my Chains ;
 Monarchs my Power obey, and rural Swains.
 The *Christian*, *Infidel*, the *Jew* and *Turk*,
Papist and *Protestant*, I set on Work :
 Dissenters of all Sects, *Whigs*, *Tories*, all
 Submissive yield to my tyrannic Thrall.
 The Statesman, Lawyer, Natur'list, and grave
 Divine : The full grown Man, Child, Fool, and
 Knave :
 The Soldier, Sailor, all on Land or Sea,
 Father, Son, Marry'd, Single, Bond, and Free, }
 Beauties, Wits, Criticks ; all are Slaves to me. }
 My Properties and Faults thus having told,
 With Ease, I think, you may my Name unfold.

RIDDLE CXIII.

WE come from Place unknown to mortal
 Eye,
 In confus'd State ; but now by Alchymy
 Our homogeneal Parts united are,
 And from enormous Mass, a Shape we wear, }
 Worthy forwhom we're made, the charming Fair. }

In Splendor we exceed, and Order too,
 The finest Army which you ever knew ;
 Our Troops on whitest Plain exactly stand,
 And yet are broken by the weakest Hand :
 Each shining Troop when full, scarce counts
 And once disorder'd, never rally more. (a Score,
 Seiz'd by the bright *Dorinda*, we become
 Her *Gardes du Corps*, and triumph in the Doom ;
 Then artfully dispos'd, our Station take,
 To keep *Dorinda's* Dress in modish Shape.
 Altho' her native Charms no more require,
 For she adorns the Mode, the Mode not her, }
 And is most charming with the least Attire. }
 In Bondage nigh her Face, her Neck, her Waist
 we lie ;
 Would you not think such Bondage Liberty ?
 To her each Morn ourselves we captive yield,
 Till you see nothing but an empty Field.

RIDDLE CXIV.

OF the wing'd Race, I far the brightest shine,
 There's few whose merit can compare with
 mine !

My Plumes are eminently rich and gay,
 Most happy those ! with whom I deign to stay :
 When I am with 'em, they are always priz'd ;
 But in my Absence justly are despis'd.

N 3

Those

Those who possess my Love are never poor :
 I to the Wise great Safety do procure,
Achilles Shield cou'd not so well secure.
 To Power, Wealth and Honour I promote
 Some of my Friends, and some by me are brought
 T'enjoy much Satisfaction of the Mind :
 One Way or other I to all am kind.
 Yet (strange to tell !) by many I'm contemn'd;
 Virtue sure stoops its Head and falls condemn'd,
 When Worth like mine so little is esteem'd !
 Others there are who use me carelessly,
 Regarding not my matchless Company.
 But know, I do deserve your utmost Care,
 Nay, and your utmost Pains you must not spare
 To keep me with you : I command Respect,
 And soon take Leave upon the least Neglect.
 If I but once am on the Wing, in vain
 You call, you rave, and grievously complain :
 For 'tis no humane Pow'r, or mightiest Men,
 With all their Art can charm me back agen.

 R I D D L E CXV.

I Have no Tongue ; yet elegantly speak
 The noblest *Latin* and the sublimest *Greek*.
 I have no Toes ; and yet I have six Feet ;
 I move in Measure, smooth, serene and sweet.

I'm

I'm pleasing, yet majestick ; soft, yet strong ;
 I'm white, and yet I'm black ; I'm short, yet long ;
 A Favourite to *Augustus* Court I came,
 He gave me Lawrels, and I gave him Fame.
 I magnified the Vertues of those Times ;
 Yet with an equal Boldness lash'd the Crimes.
 Triumphant Victors at my Will I lead,
 O'er prostrate Crowns, and Mountains of the Dead.
 At my Command they conquer, live and reign,
 If I a more disastrous Fate ordain,
 They lie inglorious, wounded, vanquish'd, slain.
 'Twas I that made *Alcmena's* Son so great,
 And Monsters, Giants, Tyrants did create,
 T'advance his Trophies on their abject Fate.
 Tho' I have liv'd above two Thousand Years,
 In me no Symptom of Decay appears ;
 My Genius for devouring Time's too strong ;
 I ever flourish lovely, gay and young.
 My Birth's prepost'rous ; such (in times of old)
 The fab'lous Poets of *Minerva* told ;
 So she was form'd, and cast in such a Mould.
 In that same Hour, whence I my Being drew,
 To absolute Maturity I grew.
 No Female was assisting at my Birth ;
 My Sire alone conceiv'd and brought me forth.

RIDDLE CXVI.

BRITONS in me you may behold of late,
 A dismal Instance of unconstant Fate;
 Five thousand Years, and more, ran gently round,
 While I, from most, Respect and Honour found,
 By Heroes, Sages, Senators carels'd,
 To Kings and Princes no unwelcome Guest,
 Nay, in such absolute Request I was,
 That e'en to want me seem'd a great Disgrace.
 But see the Issue of my prosp'rous Fate;
 Scarce dare I offer to appear of late,
 But Men with fatal Steel, my Life pursue,
 And all around my mangled Members strow.

And now, lest you should in your Guesses fail,
 I'll one Step farther yet myself unveil;
 I'm, without Female's Aid, the Product of a Male.

RIDDLE CXVII.

DARK in a Cell, remote from vulgar Eye,
 Sought for by many, I regardless lye,
 Resolv'd to save my dear Virginity.
 All Tricks I try to keep myself disguis'd,
 My Charms discover'd seldom long are priz'd.
 Whatever Shape my Purpose suits I borrow,
 To Day I'm *Thomas*, *Abigail* to Morrow;

Or

Or Bird, or Beast, or Fish, or Stone, or Tree,
(Just as the Whim directs) I soon can be.

Sometimes a Sort of Magick Art I try,
Cast a thick Mist before my Lover's Eye;
That he can't see me tho' I stand close by.
Again I take him, (to make Sport or so)
O'er Hedge and Ditch, o'er Mountain clad
with Snow;

Then leave the wilder'd Fool in *statu quo*.

Thus o'er my Slaves I reign and tyrannize,
Slighting the Witty, slighted by the Wise:
'Till some bold Youth attacks with manly Grace,
And takes me struggling to his fond Embrace;
Pleas'd with the Conquest he forgets his Toil,
And proudly triumphs o'er the vanquish'd Spoil:
Then by Consent, we from each other fly,
He a new Mistress takes, a new Lover I.

RIDDLE CXVIII.

TO ev'ry Realm a welcome Guest I come;
And lo! the Rich and Poor for me make
Room;

Howe'er in other Points they snarl and bite,
In my Applause they one and all unite.
For I to Good, and Bad, alike am kind,
M'extensive Bounty's to no Clime confin'd.

With

With temp'rate peaceful Men I chiefly rest,
 But don't delight in any splendid Feast,
 Tho' ev'n there, I sometimes, am a Guest.
 But when the Glass excessively goes round,
 In which both Wit and Reason too, are drown'd,
 Enrag'd thereat, I swiftly from them fly,
 And make their Pleasures bear me Company.
 Where'er I go fresh Transports fill the Place,
 And Joy triumphant sits on ev'ry Face.

RIDDLE CXIX.

GREAT Pains in vain the *Greeks* and *Romans* took

To bring the spacious Earth beneath their Yoke;
 When I with Ease, there's none but will allow,
 Have made all Nations to my Sceptre bow.
 Me Kings oppose, and States resist, in vain,
 No Pow'r can shield 'em from my servile Chain.

You'd think me by my Skill, some Engineer,
 That circumvents by Art, not open War:
 For 'tis in Sieges most consists my Slight,
 And fly Scaladoes enterpriz'd by Night;
 Yet spight of *Sol* I oft assert my Sway,
 And prostrate Numbers in the Face of Day:
 In my Opponents this you may admire,
 While they their Gates keep ope' I must retire,
 But when they're shut I compass my Desire.

Freedom

Freedom to all my Subjects I bestow;
But most on him (poor Soul!) that weds a Shrew;
Like mine, no Spell can o'er her Tongue prevail;
Xantippe, charm'd by me, wou'd cease to rail.

I'm almost of an equal Date with Man,
And e'en in Paradise my Pow'r began;
Since then, no Bounds my spacious Empire knew,
Some After-Ages deified me too:
But tho' t'adore me Mortals now disdain,
My Pow'r is still, throughout the World, the same:
Nor can the Skill of Man repel the Charm,
'Till the last Trump the Universe alarm.

RIDDLE CXX.

FROM Seed, or Egg, the tender *Fætus*
springs

Of all our common generated Things:
For, as the modern Nat'ralists explore,
Spontaneous Generation is no more.
But my capricious Rise upbraids the Rules
Laid down by *Aristotle*, and the Schools;
Regardless of the Search of prying Eyes,
And all assistant Midwifry denies.

From Male, or Female, I indiff'rent spring;
Nay take my Birth from almost every Thing:
A Cloud may oft my pregnant Mother be;
Sometimes a Church, and oft an ancient Tree;

A Fan, a Chair, a Mouse, old Iron, Earth,
 Have often given me my aukward Birth;
 And when brought forth, I in a Moment's Space
 Start out from Home, and rove from Place to Place.
 No Corner of the Universe is known,
 But I have come from thence, and thither flown;
 And always with such potent Force endu'd,
 I rush as swift as Lightning from a Cloud.

Sometimes I thro' the strongest Walls can pass,
 Fly thro' a Window, and not break the Glass;
 The trembling Ladies in their Beds invade,
 Or make a Monarch with his Guards afraid.

But I not always terrible appear,
 To damp the Mirthful, or affright the Fair:
 Sometimes into their Company I move,
 With all the Sweets and Blandishments of Love;
 So soft, so charming, that with rapt'rous Glee
 They fix the Passions of their Soul on me;
 And for my Sake forego the Night's Repose,
 Or flight the Service of the officious Beaux.
 But——farther let me not myself undress,
 Lest you see plainly what you are to guess.

RIDDLE CXXI.

YE ridling Wits, ingenious to reveal,
 What some from you obscurely wou'd conceal;

Tell

Tell from whence we proceed, or who we are?
 Poor Couple! But a merry fruitful Pair:
 We're white as chaste *Pigmalion's* Miss, (we think)
 And yet our Children are as black as Ink.
 They're Forty-two in Number, yet we bear
 Each One and Twenty, as our equal Share:
 But some, perhaps, will say, they're not our own,
 Because we very often lye alone.

We came from *India*, if you fain would know.
 Our Children ne'er will any bigger grow.
 Whole Troops of Men we often discompose,
 For which we oft' receive ill-natur'd Blows.

Dame *Fortune* makes us execute her Will,
 To gain th' Ascendant over human Skill;
 She sways our Lives, with us she most prevails,
 And while she favours one, another rails,
 Damns her, and in his Passion bites his Nails.

RIDDLE CXXII.

WITHOUT my Aid no Mortal can survive,
 And yet unknown to those I keep alive.
 By me they move and speak, and challenge Fame,
 Yet none of them did ever see my Frame.
 I am the greatest Friend that Mortals know;
 At other Times I am a potent Foe.

O

Yet

Yet while you read the vast Immensity,
 Vain is your greatest Art if turn'd on me.
 Most Authors term me of the Female Kind,
 For they're the brightest Works by Heav'n design'd ;
 Yet one Advantage does to me belong,
 Their Beauties fade, but I am ever young.

RIDDLE CXXIII.

MY Dame she said, Sirs, call in *Kate* !
 Its Time that she her Breakfast eat.
 Now *Kate* to order was the same,
 But by Directions of my Dame :
 Some Milk was in a Skillet put,
 For Want of Care, the heedless Slut
 Stumbling, she let the Skillet fall
 Amongst the Coals with Milk and all ;
 My Master joking, says to th' Mäid,
 No crying, *Kate*, for Milk that's shed.
 My Dame she cries, she'll give no more ;
 So *Kate* the Milk took off the Floor ;
 And in a trice she wash'd it so,
 That it became as white as Snow ;
 And was as useful as before
 It got the Fall upon the Floor :

And

And now unfold, I beg you will,
What was the Milkmaid's Art and Skill
In washing Milk? Because we meet
With Pitchers oft broke in the Street.

RIDDLE CXXIV.

AS ancient Bards long since of *Venus* sung,
To *Neptune's* foamy Bounds I owe my Birth,
Tho' not the Beauty which I now enjoy.
T'express the Hardships which I underwent,
E'er I my present State and Form acquir'd;
(Enough to melt a Tyrant's Heart to pity)
Wou'd be too tedious; I shall therefore wave it,
And only what befel me after, tell.

When at full Growth I by Degrees arriv'd,
A Husband soon for me provided was,
A Foreigner, from distant Southern Climes,
In Stature, Shape and Nature so unlike,
That North and South could hardly differ more.
Yet such a Dowry with him was propos'd,
My avaricious Breast could not withstand;
This to my full Content I first receiv'd,
Then straight we were in strict Alliance join'd.

Long

Long thus in Nuptial Fondness we remain'd;
 In close Embrace I did encircle Him,
 And he, as true as e'er was faithful Swain,
 Ne'er sought Occasion from my Arms to fly.

But yet a dismal Fate did us attend,
 (As no Terrestrial Joys are permanent.)
 Rapacious Hands attack'd my loyal Spouse
 With Violence, he cou'd not long resist;
 Pierc'd thro' and thro' at last with pointed Steel,
 By Force he was from my Embraces torn:
 Nor yet content with that, they rifled me
 Of all my Store, and then to Scorn expos'd,
 Left me a Widow, destitute and poor,
 In Sorrow thus to wail my wretched State.

F I N I S.



